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THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER, 1948

LIBERTY AND DISCIPLINE

BY GENERAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM

WHEN you get in your car or on your bicycle you can choose where you want to go. That is liberty. But, as you drive or ride through the streets, you will keep to the left of the road. That is discipline.

There is a connection between liberty and discipline. First of all you will keep to the left for your own advantage. For, if you insist on liberty to drive on any side of the road you fancy, you will end up, not where you want to get to, but on a stretcher ; and there is not much liberty about that. So you accept discipline, because you know that in the long run it is the only way in which you can get where you want to, quickly and safely. Other people have as much right to go where they want to as you have. If you career all over the road you will get in their way, delay them and put them in danger. So for their sakes as well as your own you keep to the left. But it will be no use your keeping to the left if others on the road do not do the same. You will expect them to ; you will trust to their common sense and you will rely on their discipline. Lastly, even supposing you are tempted to go scooting about on the wrong side, you probably will not. At the back of your mind will be the thought : " If I do the police'll be after me ! " In the last resort there must be some force which can punish disobedience to the law.

There are thus four reasons why you will keep to the left :

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| (i) Your own advantage, | (ii) consideration for others, |
| (iii) confidence in your fellows and | (iv) fear of punishment. |

It is the relative weight which we give to each of these reasons that decides what sort of discipline we have. And that can vary from the pure self-discipline of the Sermon on the Mount to the discipline of the concentration camp, the enforced discipline of fear.

In spite of all our squabbles, the British are united when it comes to most of the things that matter—and liberty is one of them. We believe in freedom to think what we like, say what we like, work at what we like, and go where we like. Discipline is a restraint on liberty, so most of us have a very natural inclination to avoid it. But we cannot. Man, ever since the dim pre-historic past when he first got up on his hindlegs and raised a human family, has had no option but to accept discipline of some kind. For modern man, living in complex communities, in which every individual is dependent on others, discipline is more than ever unavoidable. If order

breaks down nothing remains but the lawless brutality of the jungle, until someone or something restores discipline. Human society abhors a vacuum in order just as nature abhors it in space.

All history teaches that when, through either idleness, weakness or faction, the sense of order fades in a nation, its economic life sinks into decay. Then as its standard of living falls and security vanishes, one of two things happens. Either some more virile, militant power steps in to impose its own brand of discipline or a dictator arises and clamps down the iron control of the police State. Somehow, eventually, discipline is again enforced. The problem is not : " Shall we accept discipline ? "—sooner or later we have to—it is "*How* shall we accept it ? " Shall it be imposed by physical violence and fear, by grim economic necessity, or accepted by consent and understanding ? Shall it come from without or from within ? It ought not to be difficult for the British to choose. We are not good at standing in masses and yelling in unison for a dictator, but we can conduct quite a brisk political argument without recourse to grenades and sten guns. While we are not much given to goose-stepping in serried ranks to show how united we are, we do generally file out in a quiet and orderly manner when the theatre takes fire.

Foreign visitors sometimes talk of our " natural " discipline. You might just as well talk of the " instincts of a gentleman " ; a man becomes a gentleman only by overcoming his instincts. It is the same with discipline. Our kind is acquired ; it is a tradition and, like all traditions, it has been a plant of slow growth. It is worth cherishing for the British way of life, with all its faults, has up to now, compared with most others, been full, free and fair. It has been so because we have managed to hold the balance between liberty and discipline. It is that balance which will decide in the future whether it is still to be full, free and fair.

Let us beware of taking a word and tagging a picture on to it. The word ' discipline ' for some flashes on to the screen of the mind a jack-booted commissar bawling commands across the barrack square at tramping squads. Some kinds of discipline are that—and nothing more—but not real discipline, not our discipline, not even on a barrack square. Someone shouting orders at others is dictatorship, not discipline. The voluntary, reasoned discipline accepted by free, intelligent men and women is another thing. To begin with, it is binding on all, from top to bottom.

One morning, long ago, as a brand new second lieutenant, I was walking on to parade. A private soldier passed me and saluted. I acknowledged his salute with an airy wave of the hand. Suddenly, behind me, a voice rasped out my name. I spun round and there was my Colonel, for whom I had a most wholesome respect, and with him the Regimental Sergeant Major, of whom also I stood in some awe. " I see," said the Colonel, " you don't know how to return a salute. Sergeant Major, plant your staff in the ground, and let Mr. Slim practise saluting it until he *does* know how to return a salute ! " So to and fro I marched in sight of the whole battalion

saluting the Sergeant Major's cane. (I could cheerfully have murdered the Colonel, the Sergeant Major, and my grinning fellow subalterns.) At the end of ten minutes the Colonel called me up to him. All he said was : " Now remember, discipline begins with the officers ! "

And so it does. The leader must be ready, not only to accept a higher degree of responsibility but a severer standard of self-discipline than those he leads. If you hold a position of authority, whether you are the managing director or the charge-hand, you must impose discipline on yourself first. Then forget the easy way of trying to enforce it on others—by just giving orders and expecting them to be obeyed. You will give orders and you will see they are obeyed, but you will only build up the leadership of your team on the discipline of understanding.

This is the crux of the matter. Discipline is something that is enforced, enforced either by fear or by understanding. Even in an army it is not merely a question of giving orders. There is more to a soldier's discipline than blind obedience and to take men into your confidence is not a new technique invented in the last war.

When Julius Caesar " exhorted the Legions " he may have stood on a captured British chariot ; the modern General climbed on to the bonnet of a jeep, but each said much the same thing. So did Oliver Cromwell when he demanded that every man in his new model army should "*know* what he fights for, and *love* what he knows." Substitute ' work ' for ' fight ' and you have the essence of industrial discipline too—to know what you work for and to love what you know.

Any man or woman in this country who does an honest job of work should know that he or she works for something bigger than the pay packet, something bigger than themselves—the restoration of Britain and all that Britain means to us, to our children and to the world's hope of freedom. That is something worth working for ; it is something to love.

I can recall only one occasion on which a man flatly refused to obey an order I gave him. I was young and he was old—I, perhaps, too young, he certainly, too old to be a private in Kitchener's Army. He was one of a company digging a road through a cutting. I watched him shovel earth into an old tin tub and stagger off to empty it. I noticed that it was only a quarter full so when he came back I told him : " This time fill it to the top. " " Ehe," he said, " if I do that I won't be able to carry it. " " Never you mind that," I answered. " Do as you're told. Fill it ! " " But that's daft," he protested. " I tell yer I can't lift it full ! " Then in exasperation he flung down his shovel with the historic gesture of the man who'll soldier no more. I placed him under arrest ; he was punished, and I felt very guilty about it all, because, if I had only told him at the start that I intended to help him lift the full tub, he would have obeyed cheerfully. This minor incident of long ago brought me up against one of the foundations of discipline—mutual confidence. If the old soldier had had

more confidence in me, he would have carried out the order, realizing that, although he could not see the reason for it, there probably was one ; if I had had more confidence in him, I shouldn't have been so ready to attribute hesitation to mere cussedness. Neither in war nor in peace can all orders be explained beforehand and that is all the more reason to explain them when it *is* possible.

It is only discipline that enables men to live in a community and yet retain individual liberty. Sweep away or undermine discipline, and the only law left is "that they should take who have the power ; and they should keep who can ! " ; security for the weak and the poor vanishes. That is why, far from it being derogatory for any man or woman voluntarily to accept discipline, it is ennobling. The self-discipline of the strong is the safeguard of the weak.

Totalitarian discipline with its slogan shouting masses is deliberately designed to submerge the individual. The discipline a man imposes on himself because he believes intelligently that it helps him to get a worth while job done to his own and his country's benefit, fosters character and initiative. It makes a man do his work, without being watched, because it is worth doing. In the blitz of the late war not a man of the thousands of British railway signalmen ever left his post. They stood, often in the heart of the target area, cocked up in flimsy buildings, surrounded by glass, while the bombs screamed down. They knew what they worked for, they knew its importance to others and to their country and they put their job before themselves. That was discipline.

No nation ever got out of a difficult position, economic or military, without discipline. If we are to get out of our difficulties, if we are to survive, we need it too. Democracy means that responsibility is decentralized and that no one can shirk his share of the strain. And some of us, a lot of us, in all walks of life, do not. If everyone—not only the other fellows we are always pointing at—really worked when we were supposed to be working, we should knock this economic crisis for six. That takes discipline based not only on ourselves but backed by a healthy public opinion that is not too gentle with the man, whether at the top or the bottom of the ladder, who is ready to let those he works with carry him.

The choice is between the imposed discipline of the police State or the self-discipline of free men and women, voluntarily accepted, with its equality, fairness and dignity. We know more in this country than in any other about freedom allied to responsibility. We still have at every level a vast fund of neighbourly kindness and thought for others. Let us keep to those things and to the common factor between liberty and discipline—confidence in one another.

We are apt these days to think more of liberty than of responsibility but, in the long run, we never get anything worth having without paying something for it. Liberty is no exception. You can have discipline without liberty, but you cannot have liberty without discipline.

NAZI AND SOVIET NATIONALISMS

BY W. FRIEDMANN

THE conflict between the Russian controlled Cominform and the Tito régime in Yugoslavia dramatically underlines the dilemma of nationalism in our time. For a good many years political scientists and students of international affairs have been puzzled by the apparent paradox of a world in which the sovereign national State is becoming an anachronism, being shaken by a wave of nationalist movements more radical and uncompromising than at any other time. Writers usually make their choice between these two alternatives. They either cling to the incompatibility of the sovereign national State with the realities of the modern world, or they decry such an attitude as utopian, and affirm their conviction that the sovereign national State is as much a reality in our generation as in the nineteenth century. I believe this antithesis to be superficial. The existence of violent national passions and movements is as real as the patent absurdity of considering a State like Albania or Czechoslovakia or the Philippines as genuinely sovereign. The ideology of nationalism, which came to full blossom in the nineteenth century, persists, but in vastly different setting, and it is used for different purposes. Nothing illustrates the true function and use of nationalism in our time more vividly than a comparison of the uses to which it has been put by German National Socialism and Soviet Russian Communism.

Some years ago I suggested* that, despite all appearances to the contrary, the Nazi movement was fundamentally anti-nationalist in character, that it used nationalist emotions purely as an instrument of imperialist power politics and that its conception of society was essentially that of a hierarchical, neo-feudal and super-national class society. As long as the Nazi leaders were mainly concerned with getting the utmost production and military effort out of the German people, the appeal to their national sentiments was used to the full. Nationalist passions were also used to undermine the loyalties of German minorities, in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere. The true purposes of Hitler and the other Nazi leaders became however, more and more apparent, first as the conquest of Europe proceeded and later as the collapse came near. As long as it was necessary to gear the German nation to a higher effort, nationalist ideology was a most profitable instrument of power politics. As the continent of Europe was conquered, the Nazi leaders were increasingly driven to rely

* *World Revolution and the Future of the West* (1942) and *The Crisis of the National State* (1943).

on certain social classes in their effort to consolidate their international empire. They could not with any degree of success appeal to genuine nationalist sentiment in other nations, for Nazi philosophy was permeated with the distinction between master and slave, a distinction in which racial and class elements were mixed. Certain races, such as Slavs, Jews and Negroes, were to be kept in a permanent state of suppression, but within any nation, including the German nation, certain elements were to be singled out for leadership and domination. As we shall see, this aspect of Nazi ideology and policy offers a most significant contrast to Soviet ideology and policy.

The Nazis chose to appeal to discontented and degenerate elements of the middle classes in the conquered countries: elements of the same classes which had without question given the main intellectual and social inspiration to nationalism in the nineteenth century. Generals, financiers, industrialists, bureaucrats and clergy became the main agents of the Nazi empire in such countries as France or Norway or Czechoslovakia. Only in a very few isolated instances did working class leaders come to support. It was possible to use representatives of classes once particularly identified with nationalism because class antipathies and social hatreds had for many of them become stronger than nationalism. Hostility to the Front Populaire, anti-socialism, clerical interests or anti-Semitism became inspirations more powerful than common national resistance. This was one side of the picture. The Nazis in victory had to rely on the discontented and prejudiced elements of the upper classes, to exploit their social prejudices and their cupidity. At the same time, selected groups from European nations outside Germany were chosen as trainees to form the future ruling class of a Nazi-dominated Europe. In defeat the Nazi leaders fully dropped the mask of nationalism by revealing their complete and nihilistic contempt for their own nation. Nobody who was in Germany during the spring of 1945 will ever forget the deep and shattering impression made both upon the German people and the Allies by the ruthless, cynical and deliberate way in which the Nazi leaders in retreat ordered the destruction of bridges, roads, waterways and other vital public utilities, conscious that it would make the recovery of Germany infinitely more difficult and prolonged. This was a practical confirmation of Hitler's statement to Rauchsning that if he were to go down in defeat he would drag the world in flames with him. Shortly before his end, Hitler said that if the German people did not win this war they did not deserve to survive. All this bears out the statement which he made many years earlier to Rauchsning and which the vast majority of foreign observers quite wrongly disbelieved, that he, Hitler, had come to fuse the nations into a higher unit. "Just as the conception of the nation was a revolutionary change, and just as it introduced a biological conception, that of the people, so our own revolution is a further step, or rather, the final step in the rejection of the historic order and the recognition of purely

biological values. . . . There will not be much left of the clichés of nationalism and precious little amongst us Germans.”*

The effect of Nazi teaching and practice is, I think, clearly seen in the attitude of Germans towards the present international crisis. Another war would, I believe, confirm some conclusions reached after two years of first-hand experience of post-war Germany :

To the close observer of present-day Germany nothing is more alarming than the emergence of a new *Landsknecht* mentality, of the professional who believes in success and power alone and will give his services to whoever wants them. There are in particular vast numbers of ex-officers and ex-soldiers whose *métier* is soldiering, and there are large numbers of engineers, technicians, scientists and members of other professions who see no hope for certain employment in a peaceful and ordered world.

A great number of these will fight or work for America, Britain, France or Russia.†

To sum up : the Nazi movement was fundamentally contemptuous of nationalism, as any predominantly imperialist movement must be. Both its racial and its social prejudices cut across genuine nationalism. Above all, its fundamental nihilism was incompatible with any genuine respect for the deeper foundations of nationalism. The inability of the Nazi movement to use the force of nationalism in its European conquest was an essential contributing factor to the Nazi defeat. The majority of the conquered peoples either remained passive or joined national resistance movements.

It would be dangerous to assume that the present Soviet policy is imperialism of exactly the same brand. No doubt Soviet policy is increasingly expansionist, and it will use undermining tactics as unscrupulously as the Nazis. Whether and how far Soviet policy is set upon the path of imperialism by conquest is a question I do not intend to discuss in this article. The minimum programme of Soviet Russia is big enough to cause many disruptions and changes in the structure of Europe. In the execution of such a programme Soviet Russia can rely on two weapons which the Nazi régime was unable to use. It can sponsor nationalist movements outside the borders of Soviet Russia with far greater chance of success than could Nazi Germany, and it can appeal to revolutionary social tendencies in support of and in conjunction with such nationalist movements instead of having to rely on essentially anti-nationalist and reactionary forces like the Nazi régime. Writers on nationalism have increasingly emphasized the importance of the Soviet Russian approach to the nationalities problem, which owes its main inspiration to Marshal Stalin himself. Briefly, this policy has aimed at the utmost revival of national groupings and identities in the Soviet Union, within the limits set by the rigid political discipline of a one-party State and the strong preponderance of a neutralized planned economy.

Over-emphasis on either the one or the other of these aspects has often distorted a proper assessment of this deliberate revival of nationalism

* Rauchsning, *Hitler Speaks*, pp. 228-230.

† p. 232, *The Allied Military Government of Germany* (1948), by W. Friedmann.

within the Soviet Union. At no time has there been any question of this nationalism being allowed to develop into any struggle for political independence. The right to secession embodied in the Soviet Constitution is as theoretical as many other provisions of that Constitution. The all-pervading control of the Communist Party which is directed from Moscow prevents any separatist tendencies from developing very far. Nor has the replacement of Russian by local national administrators gone very far, especially in the more outlying eastern republics. Yet both the theoretical and the practical developments of national autonomy within the Soviet Union are of powerful significance. They offer visible evidence to the world that Soviet policy, as distinct from Nazi policy, is not based upon a differentiation of nations and races, and the elevation of Polish, Armenian, Ukrainian and Jewish generals to the highest positions of command during the last war underlines this aspect of Soviet policy. At the same time, the division of the Soviet Union into a number of fully or partly autonomous member republics grouped on national lines provides an excellent pattern for incorporating into the Union other nationalities on a similar basis, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. In one respect this set-up offers parallels to Nazi policy. The existence of Moslem, Armenian, Turkoman and other national groups within the Soviet Union offers a possibility for disruption among the neighbours of the Soviet Union, especially Persia and Turkey, should circumstances be propitious.

This nationalities policy strengthens the position of the Soviet Union whenever she appeals to the nationalist instincts of other peoples which she wishes either to incite to resistance against the Western Powers or to incorporate into her own orbit. Soviet Russia is free from the greatest handicap of Nazi expansionist policy.

The appeal to nationalism, whether it comes direct from the Soviet Union or from the Cominform, is coupled with a strong socialist appeal to the under-privileged classes. In the less developed States of south-eastern Europe this appeal is mainly, though not exclusively, directed at the landless peasant. In western Europe it is mainly aimed at the militant wing of the trade union movement. A century ago this combination of nationalist and socialist appeals would have seemed fantastic. To-day the position is very different. Apart from its largely different significance and objectives, the leadership in twentieth century nationalism has passed from the third to the fourth estate. As manufacturing and commercial interests developed into international concerns, as civil servants became highly skilled but obedient instruments of the modern super-State, as generals became pure professionals, and intellectuals turned into refined propagandists for their particular national brand of imperialism, the middle classes increasingly abdicated the leadership which they had exercised in the nineteenth century. This process is not universal, and in the less developed States of the Middle East and of Asia in particular

The small educated class still is the main agent of nationalism. In Europe it is men like Tito or Dimitro or Gottwald or Pieck who pose as national leaders no less than as social revolutionaries. Post-war Soviet policy has constantly aimed at combining these two appeals. It has incited the peoples not only of eastern and south-eastern Europe but also of such states as France to assert their national pride and independence against reliance on foreign loans or Marshall Aid, and it has coupled such national resistance with socialist rebellion against the world-wide domination of western capitalism or the oppression of the small peasant by big landlords.

Without doubt, those two factors—the championship of revolutionary socialism and the appeal to national irredentism—are powerful assets in the hands of Soviet foreign policy, assets which the Nazi régime did not possess. But the weaknesses of this policy are also becoming apparent, increasingly so as Soviet policy changes from the struggle for national and social self-preservation to imperialist expansion. The conflict between the Cominform and Marshal Tito is only the most dramatic recent evidence of the increasing difficulties of Soviet foreign policy in reconciling incompatibles. In the conflict between him and the Cominform there may be a great deal of personal jealousy and struggle for power, but were it for that alone he would have disappeared long ago. Its deeper significance is that one of the most militant of the south-eastern States, in which nationalism and revolutionary socialism have formed a particularly powerful combination is taking its nationalism too seriously. Yugoslavia apparently refuses to limit her national independence to cultural and linguistic autonomy and to accept direction from Moscow on the organization of her forces or the principles and methods of agrarian and industrial policy.

We may be sure that to a greater or lesser extent this conflict is latent in all the other States of eastern Europe, most of them with a long tradition of fierce struggle for national independence. The demotion of Gomulka in Poland seems to be due to his sympathies with Tito and to an independent attitude concerning the development of Poland's economy. The German communists find it increasingly difficult to pose as champions of German national unity while defending, on Soviet orders, the finality of the Oder-Neisse frontier. Instincts of nationalism, especially if coupled with resentment against some internal or external enemy, are easily aroused but less easily contained. The limits of modern power politics and the increasing preponderance of a few super-States over the multitude of smaller States make the national sovereign State increasingly anachronistic. But the instinct of national resistance against foreign domination is as powerful as ever.

A second weakness is equally evident. The Soviet appeal to a large section of the landless peasantry and to the militant wing of industrial workers' organizations is indeed powerful. But taking Europe as a whole, by far the greater proportion of the organized working class as well as of

the peasantry prefers social democracy to Communism. The electoral successes of communists in France and Italy have been remarkable, but nowhere, and least of all in Germany where success seemed so ready to hand, have communists gained a majority by free elections. Recent elections, in Italy, Finland and Sweden, have in fact revealed a swing away from Communism. Hence the necessity to forestall all free elections by engineered *coups d'état*, in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Bulgaria, to which Berlin may quite possibly be added before long. In other words, a large proportion of the classes to which the Soviet appeal is mainly directed takes individual freedom in all its aspects too seriously to accept the Soviet recipe voluntarily.

What line Soviet policy will adopt in the face of this increasing resistance it is difficult to foretell. It may turn to more and more unveiled imperialism, in which case force will increasingly displace the appeal to nationalist and socialist ideology. It is more likely however that it will adopt a more cautious policy, that it will feel for weak points anywhere, in Palestine, in Burma or in France, that it will exploit social unrest or downright reactionary trends rather than force the pace unduly.

Two lessons emerge. The best answer to the powerful twin appeal of Soviet Russia to both nationalist and revolutionary sentiment lies in the evolution of a truly progressive social order. Of all the countries of Europe perhaps only Britain and the Scandinavian States are to-day largely immune from Soviet propaganda because they have gone far in developing social democracy without the sacrifice of essential liberties. By the same token, the appeal of Soviet Communism to the underprivileged classes in France, Italy and Western Germany remains ever powerful. The second conclusion is that the era of the national sovereign State is over, despite so many appearances to the contrary. The frantic use of old slogans cannot disguise changing realities. It remains as true as ever that the only hope for nationalism in our time lies not in the field of military and economic power but in the field of cultural and social group individuality and the decentralization of government. In a world dominated by imperialist power politics this nationalism cannot prosper. The strengthening of a world security organization, under the shelter of which regional associations of national groups can develop freely and without fear, remains our main hope.

BROADCASTING TO THE FOREIGNER

BY GORDON WINTER

THE history of international broadcasting shows Great Britain in her familiar rôle of the tortoise beating the hare. Many nations were quicker than ourselves to realize the possibilities of radio as an instrument of foreign policy. Yet now, some twenty years since the story began, this country leads the world. She has not only outstripped those who started before her. She has travelled so far that if one compares, total against total, the number of hours spent weekly in broadcasting in foreign languages by each power engaged in the task, Britain leads by a comfortable margin. It is rather like comparing naval tonnages in the heyday of our maritime supremacy. As a radio power we have become what, as a sea power, we once were.

Short-wave broadcasting is to-day only a part of international radio. Not all of those whom it is desired to reach possess short-wave receivers. Both long and medium waves are used to climb the barriers of national frontiers. But it was with the development of short-wave transmissions that the possibilities of international radio first became apparent. We ourselves, in Britain, began experimental short-wave transmissions to the Empire in 1926 and a regular Empire Service on short waves as early as 1932. Two other imperial powers, the Dutch and the French, entered the field at about this time, both broadcasting in their own languages to their own overseas territories. But the first to engage in international broadcasting, by which is meant the transmitting of programmes designed to be heard beyond the sender's own frontiers, were the Russians. This fact is of great interest historically and must be remembered in reckoning Russia's position as a radio power at the present time. The precise date when the Soviet's foreign-language service began is uncertain. Outside Russia it is unlikely that there is any precise, reliable record. But it is known that the Russians had a highly developed foreign-language service, broadcasting communist propaganda in Europe, before 1930. That the U.S.S.R. should have been the first to exploit the possibilities of radio to make themselves heard beyond their own frontiers is not in fact surprising. Of all European powers they were, in the 'twenties, the most isolated; and they were then more sensitive of their political and moral loneliness than they have now become. And since Italian fascism and German national-socialism both came into being as reactions against communism, it is again not surprising that Italy and Germany, in that order, should

have been the next two countries to follow Russia's lead.

Great Britain, as we have seen, after a five-year experimental period, started a regular short-wave service to the Empire as early as 1932. But it was not until 1938 that the constant stream of abuse poured out from Italian stations finally stung this country into entering the field of foreign-language broadcasting. January 3, 1938, saw the opening of the B.B.C.'s service in Arabic. On March 15 were begun broadcasts to Latin-America in Spanish and Portuguese. And on September 27, when Mr. Neville Chamberlain broadcast to the nation on his return from Munich, his speech was translated and rebroadcast in French, German and Italian. From that date, ten years ago, the B.B.C.'s services in foreign languages grew steadily until, by the end of the war, Great Britain was broadcasting in twenty-four languages to Europe alone. It is noteworthy that whereas the Empire service was started by the B.B.C. on its own initiative, the foreign-language broadcasts were begun at the Government's request.

There is a widespread misconception that the present development of international broadcasting is solely a by-product of the war. This is far from true. It is interesting to look through a list of countries, in alphabetical order, who were broadcasting for the benefit of their neighbours, in languages other than their own, in August 1939 :

Albania (Radio Tirana under Italian occupation) transmitted in Italian, Greek, Turkish and Bulgarian. Bulgaria broadcast once a week in French. China broadcast daily in English, French and German. France (from a number of stations including Paris Mondial) broadcast daily in English, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Arabic and Serbo-croat. Germany (that is to say Grossdeutschland) broadcast daily in English, Spanish, Portuguese, Ukrainian and Afrikaans. The omission of Italian is understandable. The absence of French at that time is more remarkable.

Great Britain was sending out programmes daily in Spanish and Portuguese (for South America) and in French, German, Italian and Arabic. Hungary had daily programmes in English, German, Italian, French, Slovakian and Ruthenian.

Italy was, of course, a wide and early user. Mussolini, himself a journalist and professional propagandist, was deeply interested. His stations, (including Imperial stations) spoke in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Arabic, Amharic and Galla, Japanese, Albanian, Polish, Rumanian, Hungarian, Turkish, German and Greek.

Japan, Rumania and Spain all broadcast daily in English, French and German ; so did Slovakia, adding Hungarian, Italian, Polish and Serbo-croat. Spain added Italian and Portuguese.

The United States needs to be considered separately because, unlike most other countries, her foreign-language services were not always run directly by the Government. But from the United States, in August 1939, stations were broadcasting outwards in Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German and French.

As would be expected, Russia played a leading rôle in the world of short waves. She had programmes directed to Europe in English, French, German, Spanish and Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, Czech and Hungarian.

Finally the Vatican City, much to the annoyance of Mussolini at certain times, broadcast in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Polish.*

* Based on *The Political Use of Radio* by Thomas Grandin. Geneva Research Centre. August 1939.

A foreign-language service should not be confined to plain news and comment about current affairs. That, however well done, will always be suspect as propaganda if it is part of an external and not a metropolitan service. But the giving of a general impression about a country through wireless programmes—the “projection” of that country, to use a fashionable phrase—will be effective if it is carefully and skilfully controlled.

Now it is clear that such a general impression can be gained from two sources—the country’s metropolitan service to which the foreigner eavesdrops, and the external service designed for the foreigner in his own tongue. Listeners drawn from the upper level, the highly educated and thoughtful minority, will prefer the metropolitan programme if they hold the key to it—a knowledge of the language. Now the opinions of that minority are of great importance. And yet it looks as though, if they are to be influenced at all by radio, it will be, in part at least, by the national service which is not expressly designed for them. It follows then that a country’s home service may be a powerful weapon for furthering its opinions abroad—sometimes a better weapon in times of peace than the external service, which aims at a less educated multitude who must be addressed in their own tongue because they know no other. This takes no account of questions of the relative range of metropolitan and external programmes, which may leave the listener with no choice. He may have to take the external service or nothing. But that is a separate issue.

In considering the capacity of educated audiences in Europe to “eavesdrop” on each other’s metropolitan services, we come upon an interesting and unexpected bias. It is undisputed that the main languages of western Europe are widely understood among the educated classes of eastern Europe. It is equally certain that among the educated classes of western Europe the eastern languages are hardly known at all. Among normal well-educated Englishmen and Frenchmen, a knowledge of Czech, Polish, Russian or Modern Greek is so rare as to be almost suspect. But among Czechs, Poles and Greeks of the equivalent social level a knowledge of either English or French is widespread. We of the west study and speak western tongues only. They of the east speak their own languages and usually at least one of ours. The effect of this bias, among potential listeners of the educated classes, needs no underlining. The man of culture in central and eastern Europe can—and often does—listen to the metropolitan programmes of England, France, Germany and Italy. How many western Europeans can listen to a broadcast in Russian, or in any other language of the Slavonic group? Only musical programmes can transcend the difficulty, and even here the language problem is a barrier. The Frenchman or Englishman, touring Europe on his radio, may stumble on a programme of Russian opera, recognize the work, and decide to stay and listen. The chances of his going to that wavelength deliberately, because he has heard the programme previously announced or “trailed”, are extremely small.

The importance of a knowledge of the national language is recognized by most of those countries which run international services, for other reasons beyond that just discussed. A spreading of the national language is a part of the "projection" of the country's purpose and personality. The teaching of English by radio, for example, is among the greatest successes scored so far by the B.B.C.'s European Service; and in this activity the B.B.C. is by no means alone. The European air is daily filled with the intricacies of past participles and the finer points of usage and pronunciation.

If it is accepted that those who can, will always prefer listening to a foreign country's metropolitan service rather than to its foreign-language service—the latter being suspect as propaganda—then at what part of the population is a foreign-language service likely to be aimed? We have seen that the highest and best educated levels are unlikely to make use of it. The lowest levels are not sufficiently interested in foreign affairs, except in time of war or under conditions of stress akin to war. It must therefore be towards the great middle-piece of society that the foreign-language broadcast is mainly aimed. It follows that the intellectual content of such broadcasts, especially when they are concerned with the "projection" of their own country, should aim neither very high nor very low. Propaganda broadcasts from Russia, however, have never observed this precept. They have been aimed almost entirely at the simple and little educated masses.

The difficulty of studying the size and reaction of the audience has confronted programme planners since the earliest days. Within the limits of metropolitan radio the B.B.C., and many other broadcasting authorities, have developed a method of study which gives accurate and detailed results. The technique, normally known in England as listener research, is based on a specialized variant of the public-opinion poll. But reliance can only be placed on figures obtained by the Gallup method if the taking of samples is carefully spread over the population, and if the work is closely supervised. A system that provides accurate results at home is therefore less likely to provide accurate results abroad. And though the B.B.C. does in fact use the public opinion poll to examine the size and nature of its European audience, it can only expect an answer that is useful rather than infallible.

Some of the figures obtained by these methods are published in the current edition of the B.B.C. Year Book.* A survey carried out by the Dutch Institute of Public Opinion last year indicated that out of a listening population of four million (that is to say, those having regular access to wireless sets) 400,000 people in Holland were picking up the European Service of the B.B.C. This figure takes no account of the very large number known to listen to the B.B.C.'s metropolitan programmes. In France, out of a possible twenty-four million listeners, seven million were

* For a fuller account see the article "The Listeners in Europe" by Tangye Lean.

TARGET AREAS

TRANSMITTING COUNTRIES	Albania	Austria	Belgium	Bulgaria	Czechoslovakia	Denmark	Finland	France	Germany	Great Britain	Greece	Holland	Hungary	Italy	Norway	Poland	Portugal	Rumania	Spain	Sweden	U.S.S.R.	Yugoslavia
Albania	—	—	—	1.45	—	—	—	1.45	—	1.45	1.45	—	—	1.45	—	—	—	1.45	—	—	1.45	1.45
Bulgaria	1.10	—	—	—	2.20	—	—	2.20	—	2.20	1.10	—	—	—	—	2.20	—	1.10	—	—	2.20	2.20
Czechoslovakia	—	1.45	—	3.30	—	×	—	3.30	1.45	5.15	—	—	1.45	1.45	×	3.30	—	1.45	5.15	×	5.15	3.30
France*	—	—	.35	—	5.15	—	1.45	—	8.15	7.00	1.45	3.30	3.30	1.45	—	5.00	3.30	—	10.30	—	—	—
Great Britain	1.45	8.45	3.30	7.0	7.0	5.15	3.30	31.30	33.15	+	7.0	7.0	7.0	12.15	5.15	10.30	5.15	7.0	7.0	3.30	8.45	8.45
Greece	1.10	—	—	1.10	—	—	—	1.45	—	1.45	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1.10	—	—	1.10	1.10
Italy	—	—	—	—	—	.30	—	3.35	3.35	3.35	3.30	.30	—	—	.15	—	—	—	—	.35	—	3.30
Poland	—	—	—	1.45	1.45	—	—	2.20	—	2.20	—	—	.15	—	—	—	—	.15	.30	—	3.30	1.45
Rumania	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3.30	3.30	3.30	1.45	—	3.30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3.30	3.30
Spain	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3.30	1.45	3.30	—	—	—	1.45	—	—	2.20	—	—	—	4.40	—
Turkey	—	—	—	1.45	—	—	—	1.45	1.45	2.30	1.45	—	1.45	—	—	—	—	1.45	—	—	—	1.45
U.S.S.R.	3.30	7.00	—	8.00	15.00	5.15	10.30	19.00	26.30	16.30	8.45	7.00	8.00	12.30	5.15	15.00	3.30	8.00	14.00	5.15	—	13.15
Yugoslavia	3.30	—	—	5.15	7.00	—	—	3.30	1.45	3.30	3.30	—	5.15	3.30	—	3.30	—	5.15	3.30	—	5.15	—
Canada	—	—	—	—	8.15	2.20	—	7.00	5.45	10.00	—	4.00	—	—	2.20	—	—	—	—	2.35	—	—
United States	—	3.30	—	3.30	7.0	—	—	10.30	3.30	36.45	3.30	—	5.15	8.30	—	7.0	—	3.30	3.30	—	10.30	5.15

× "Swedish, Danish and Norwegian" = 1.45 hours.
 * French for Europe = 3.30 hours.
 + Great Britain also broadcasts to Europe in English.

Figures represent hours and minutes.

found to tune in at least occasionally to the B.B.C.'s programmes in French. A Czech Government inquiry concluded that one million Czechs listened to London, but that was before the communist *coup d'état*; the figure is likely to have gone up since then. In Hungary last year a Government report indicated 600,000 people listening to the B.B.C.—and that in a country with comparatively few wireless sets; indeed 600,000 has been reckoned to be nearly half the potential listening public.

To find out what these listeners think of its programmes the B.B.C.'s European Service has developed its own specialized technique. During the present year it has organized a series of competitions for which substantial prizes are offered—in some cases wireless sets, occasionally even a free visit to Great Britain. Listeners are invited to submit by post detailed criticisms of the programmes, and prizes are awarded for the best comments sent in. Large entries have been received for the competitions; and by an analysis of all the entries, valuable information about the audience can be obtained. Since the spring of 1948 such competitions have been organized among listeners in Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Portugal and Rumania.

Letters from listeners also provide a guide, though a rough one, to the types of men and women who listen and to their tastes in programmes. It must always be borne in mind, however, that just as the writer of letters to newspapers seldom represents the normal reader, so the man who writes to a radio station displays an enthusiasm above the average, and his comments cannot be considered representative. It will be seen, nevertheless, that the darkness which separates a broadcasting station from its foreign listeners is no longer so impenetrable as it was during the war. And it is likely to be lightened still further as new techniques of listener research are evolved.

At the present time some fifty nations are engaged in external broadcasting. Their total time on the air amounts to about four thousand hours a week. Rough comparative figures* among six of the leading competitors are :

BRITAIN	740 hours
U.S.A.	360 "
U.S.S.R.	280 "
FRANCE	135 "
INDIA	120 "
AUSTRALIA	90 "

A more detailed estimate of European broadcasts, country by country, may be obtained from the attached table. Only the principal contestants are shown. The information was obtained by monitoring, from programme schedules issued by the bodies concerned,

* From "The Voice of Britain in Europe," by Major-General Sir Ian Jacob. B.B.C. Quarterly, January 1948.

and from radio magazines. It will be noticed that all external transmissions in English and French are shown, for convenience, as being aimed at Great Britain or France. The table is not claimed to be infallible or necessarily complete ; and a great part of it cannot be checked. Nevertheless it provides a guide to the volume of foreign language broadcasting now going on.* It will be noticed that more countries—fifteen in all—broadcast to Europe in English than in any other language. Ten stations are shown as broadcasting in Russian ; but it will be clear that since many of the ten are Russian satellites, the content of their programmes is unlikely to run counter to Russia's own political aims. Though not shown here, Hungary also broadcasts in Russian. And it should perhaps be added that a new service in Ukrainian has recently been opened by the Vatican City.

The problem of foreign-policy broadcasting eventually divides into questions of the merit and interest of the programmes, the power, frequencies and times of day that are used and the knowledge, in the target countries, that the programme itself exists. Among the welter of conflicting sounds which now compete for the European ear, the problem is becoming not so much a matter of broadcasting as of making sure that one is heard.

* For a fuller list see *World Radio Handbook for Listeners* for 1948. Published in Denmark by O. Lund Johansen.

THE ARAB LEAGUE

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

IN a loose sense, the Arab League might be said to have existed, in Arabs' minds, ever since Arab independence was enveloped in the night of Ottoman conquest. Though politically the Arabs were for centuries enslaved to the Turks, their thoughts ever went back to the glories of Arab civilization, and, conscripted and exploited though they were by the Sublime Porte, they dreamed that they "might still be free." Not, however, till the 1914-1918 war could their pretensions be taken seriously by the world in general (there are still some who refuse to take them seriously), even though in the first decade of this century the activities of certain patriots in Paris and elsewhere had become known to interested parties in the west, and, doubtless, to the Ottomans in Constantinople also.

Yet, as everyone knows, the 1914-1918 war ended in disappointment for the Arabs. Instead of obtaining that unity of which they had dreamed, and for which some of them had fought against their former overlords, they saw the imposition of mandates over artificially fashioned States. They saw also their real friend, Britain, sanctioning this division, and exercise, quaint and distasteful to them, in map-making. The Arabs had therefore to begin afresh from a new angle. Local independence would first have to be secured, before the coping stone of total unity could be emplaced. All through the inter-war years, bent as many of the patriots were on ridding themselves of that foreign control which was nearest to them, the ideal of unity still burned. Just before the 1939-1945 war it seemed, to some observers, that it might possibly burst into flame, the tinder which should light the spark being Palestine. But the 1939 White Paper (now but one of the many historic documents that litter the shelves of the student of unhappy Palestine) at least averted the possibility of open Arab hostility in a major conflict.

During the late war, and even before the threat by the Axis to the security of the Middle East had been removed, Arab leaders were evolving plans for the integration of certain Arab lands. Iraq was probably the first in the field, with a scheme, sponsored by General Nuri al Said, for uniting the lands of the "Fertile Crescent". At that time, a notion prevailed that there might be an Asiatic Arab League to which Saudi Arabia and the Yemen could later choose to adhere, and an African Arab League, with Egypt leading such Arabic-speaking territories in Africa as

might attain ultimately to their independence. However, things did not develop as first planned. Egypt, spurred on by King Farouk and by the activities of the then Egyptian Premier, Nahas Pasha, was determined to enter the Arab League, and to her resolve the Arab States naturally made no objection. Thus, at Alexandria in September 1944, that is, considerably before the end of the war, Arab leaders met to sanction the formation of the Arab League. In subsequent months, a constitution was laid down, an Egyptian Secretary-General appointed, and all seven members—Egypt, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Trans-Jordan, Syria, the Lebanon and the Yemen—were put on an equal footing. Special provisions were made for obtaining more cultural, social and economic unity, and on the political plane it was agreed that none of the member States should be allowed to use force against another, and that none should pursue a foreign policy unless approved by the League as a whole.

The League promised well. Already, during the earlier part of the war, the British Government had pronounced that it would welcome the closer cultural, economic and political unity of the Arab States, and though the League was not in any sense a British creation—its subsequent record is sufficient to disprove that myth—it felt it had a right to look for British support. In fact, it was a remarkable achievement, for not since the time of the Prophet Mohammed and his successors had the Arabs really been together, and then it was the religious bond which united them. In the present League, religion takes no official place. Christian Lebanese, Maronite, and Shiah Muslim work together in notable harmony with the orthodox Sunni. The now advertised bond is that members shall speak Arabic, shall be loyal to Arab Governments, shall share common traditions and common aspirations. It is, in short, a racial bond, without too much emphasis on purity of blood.

Yet that is only one way of looking at the League. It is at least doubtful whether such unity as now exists would have developed as quickly as it has but for the overriding factor of Zionist pretensions in Palestine. Palestine, and the threat which Arabs felt the nationalistic Jews held for them, was the real cement which held the Arab walls together, the motive power which brought them, first to the world assembly to plead their case, and, later, to the battlefields of Palestine. Some may doubt, now that wide approval has been given to the idea of a Jewish National State in Palestine, whether the Arab League will hold, whether its fissiparous characteristics, never wholly concealed, may not effect a disintegration, with the old, individualistic nature of the Arabs once more asserting itself. Such a fear, in my opinion, is exaggerated. Even though the existence of Israel be acquiesced in, Arabs for many years to come will fear Zionist expansionism into the rest of Palestine and beyond. That threat surely will suffice to keep them together. But more of this later.

The answer to whether the League has made its mark in world counsels is plain enough. All its members, with the exception of Trans-Jordan

(whose entry is blocked by the Soviet veto) are members of the United Nations. Two of its members, Egypt and Syria, have been non-permanent members of the Security Council. Another, the Lebanon, is a member of the Social and Economic Council. Yet another, Iraq, is a member of the Trusteeship Council. The next meeting of UNESCO is being held this November in Beirut. This is no bad showing for lands that have but recently won their independence.

While individual members of the Arab League are popular at meetings of the United Nations, one would hesitate to say that the League as such is popular. France does not like it on account of its influence—a growing influence—in North Africa. Russia in and out of season treats it as a dusty collection of feudal chieftains, propped up by British Imperialism. And with the pro-Zionist inclinations of the United States the aspirations of the League have squared very ill indeed. Yet—and this is very important—not one Asiatic power voted against the League when the issue of Partition appeared before the Assembly last November: that issue, as is well known, was decided by the hustling ways of the west, consequently upon a most singular and transparent identity of view, though not of motive, between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

Nothing, however, can disguise the fact that Arabs can make a good crew only by considerable sacrifice, or at least modification, of innate characteristics. They are born individualists, and this individualism has been nurtured by the very creation of separate Arab States, though the creators of those States were largely not Arabs but Europeans. It is natural enough that during the last few decades separate interests should have become pronounced. Some States, such as Egypt, have a particular nationalism; others have natural wealth in a degree denied to others. Nor can dynastic rivalries, such as that long existing between the Saudi House in Saudi Arabia and the Hashimite House in Iraq and Trans-Jordan, be overlooked. Yet, historically speaking, these are surely phenomena which cannot block the idea of unity. Some day, Egyptian nationalism will be satisfied. Some day, the rivalry between dynasties will die: already, in fact, the suspicion between Saudis and Hashimites has been modified. King Abdul Aziz and King Abdullah met this summer at Riyadh, and the meeting was a real success, of which the truth was not disguised by flamboyant communiqués. Actually, these two men understand one another perfectly well, having so many things in common, including a dislike, perhaps, of the lawyer-politician type of Arab. Only in their interpretation of the rights and wrongs of the ejection by Ibn Saud of the Hashimite family from the Hijaz do they really differ. But their meeting augurs well, and it is certainly an advance that, after these long years, they should have agreed to exchange diplomatic representatives.

But if King Abdullah has deepened his knowledge of Saudi Arabia, and of Egypt, which he also visited this summer, it is undeniable that he is anathema to certain Arab politicians, some Palestinian, some Syrian.

is scheme for a " Greater Syria " does not marry well with the ambitions of the two Arab Republics of Syria and the Lebanon, which are inclined to look to Egypt and to Saudi Arabia for support of their standpoint.

This centrifugal tendency has, naturally, been exaggerated by opponents of the Arabs, particularly by the Zionists. Nor have the Russians and their satellites been slow to denounce the " reactionary " nature of the Arab States, promoting, especially in Egypt, Iraq, Syria and the Lebanon, the interests of Communism. On a short term view, indeed, the prospects of those who disparage the continuance, or even the possibility, of Arab unity, might be considered plausible.

But, looking deeper, it must be remembered that the Arabs possess one language, one tradition, in large measure one system of life ; that not one Arab leader would dare, still less wish, to question the desirability of Arab solidarity ; that each Arab State separately, and all collectively, have years of largely common endeavour in social, cultural and economic fields before them, and that they are resolved on regeneration. Against such considerations must be put the facts that some Arabs are jealous of others and that some Arab States, more fortunately placed than others, have not so far shown an urgent tendency permanently to aid their less happily placed brethren. (Here I do not refer to the abounding generosity of Arab to fellow-Arab, nor to the gifts which Arab Governments make to distressed Arabs, but to commercial ties between Arab States.) Where can any reasonable observer pronounce that the chances of the Arab League lie ? It would in fact be a betrayal of all that the Arabs stand for, a betrayal especially of all that Arab youth stands for, if one were to contemplate the breakdown of Arab unity. The Arab League may be altered to adapt itself to altering circumstances. It may take timely note of the strains within it by closer integration of certain members within itself, but the great goal will surely remain inviolate. If, indeed, the present League were to disintegrate, another would certainly be formed.

Nor will this spectacle of Arab development be carried on as in a vacuum. For the eyes of the world are upon the Arabs, not only for political reasons, but also because their lands possess incalculable supplies of oil. It is a commonplace that if Russia could disrupt the Middle East during the next few years, she could disrupt also the Marshall Plan, which depends for its success upon a supply of Middle Eastern oil to Europe. The Arabs therefore represent a real, in addition to an emotional force, with which the outer world must increasingly reckon.

It may seem rash, at a time when the Arab League, through the comparative ineffectiveness of the Arab States' military intervention in Palestine this last summer, at a time, moreover, when a *Manchester Guardian* leading article (September 27) can say : " The Arab League looks like cracking up any day now," to suggest that the outside world will be obliged to take more account of Arab wishes. Seeing that that world has successfully ignored Arab wishes in Palestine for the last thirty years,

seeing that the Arabs have so far proved themselves powerless militarily to prevent the negation of their hopes in Palestine, how, it may be asked, comes it that foreigners cannot continue to run counter to Arab desires ? Why not, runs the argument, pin faith on the Zionists, and allow the " ramshackle " States of the Arabs to crumble into their " natural " fate of decay ?

It must be admitted that the Arabs, after the disastrous landslide in Palestine, after the second truce there—a landslide which cost them among other places, Lydda and Ramleh—have scarcely shown the resolute unanimity which the situation appeared to demand. The establishment of an Arab Palestine " Government " in Gaza was not, by any criterion, an act of far-reaching statesmanship, though it might have caused embarrassment to King Abdullah and others. It implied a crack in Arab unity which might become serious. But though the path of the Arab League is not strewn with roses, there are reasons for not accepting the diagnosis that its end is at hand ; there are even stronger reasons for believing that, if it were to die, a livelier League would immediately arise. For one thing, the urge to Arab unity, and therefore to some sort of League, is quite independent of régimes in particular Arab States : every educated Arab, whether or not he supports the existing régime in his country, supports the notion of Arab solidarity. That ideological chain is now long and unbreakable. For another thing, the west will increasingly need Arab oil, and must therefore accommodate itself somehow to the " myth " actuating the Arabs. For yet another thing, the Arabs are so geographically situated that the western world could not idly and deliberately see them either wide open to Communism or turned back into a reactionary Islam, suspicious of the infidel, and liable at any moment to flare into a careless fanaticism.

Let those who may attend prematurely the obsequies of the Arab League. The corpse they have come to see will, in my opinion, give them a shock.

HOLLAND IN THE POST-WAR YEARS

BY J. T. BROCKWAY

HOLLAND finds itself in very much the same position as post-war Britain. The problem of economic recovery dominates the scene. Like Britain, Holland has lost most of her foreign investments and has a severely adverse trade balance ; she is obliged to import more than she can at present export, and she is exporting goods which Dutchmen would be only too glad to see in their own shops. There is a food shortage, a clothing shortage, a housing shortage, and a dollar shortage. Taxation is high and a capital levy has already been imposed and collected. Wages and prices are high, too, but the post-war drive towards socialism has succeeded in placing the burden chiefly on the middle and upper classes, while the workman is better off than before the war. Conditions of shortage, rationing, and extensive government control are found to give rise to expressions of discontent, but that the discontent is neither serious nor wide-spread has been demonstrated by the results of the elections, which have shown only a slight shifting to the right and this largely at the expense of the Communist Party. As a consequence, the new Government continues the coalition between the Catholic People's Party, which maintained its position, securing thirty-two of the 100 seats, and the Labour Party, which lost two of its former twenty-nine seats ; the People's Party for Freedom and Democracy and the Christian Historical Union, both parties of the right, have each secured one seat in the new cabinet under the leadership of Minister President Drees of the Labour Party. This means a continuance of the policy of State-controlled capitalism, social security for the workers, and the attempt to pursue the negotiations with the Republic in Indonesia along the lines already laid down by the Linggadjati and Renville agreements with a view to forming a United States of Indonesia including the Republic. The Constitutional Reform Bill, the passing of which necessitated an election, and which gives Holland's overseas territories of Indonesia, Suriname and the Dutch Antilles equal status with the home country in a union under the Dutch Crown, was signed by Queen Wilhelmina and became law immediately before her abdication.

The post-war condition of Holland is, however, complicated by factors happily absent in Britain. Holland was occupied by Germany for five years. The occupation was facilitated by the existence of a well-organized Nazi movement, 30,000 strong, inside the country, and because of this the Germans hoped to win the Dutch people to their cause without more ado.

Their surprise and anger, therefore, at the bitter resistance to the spirit and ideals of Naziism put up by the main body of the Dutch population was probably the reason why the occupation of Holland was the cruellest and the most rapacious of all the western occupations. The war cost Holland 265,000 lives, of which 161,000 died in German hands—to be compared with the loss in the armed forces of only 9,600. The occupation troops systematically ransacked the Dutch emergency food supplies, the stolen butter and cheese going into Germany in lorries bearing such slogans as: "The Dutch People's Gift to the Heroic German Nation." They destroyed the farms, cut down the orchards, dismantled vital factory equipment, blew up large areas of the Hague to build themselves a military fortress against invasion from the sea, and when, after the Allied failure at Arnhem, the north of Holland was left helpless in their hands, they revenged themselves for five years' stolid resistance with all the depraved barbarity of which Naziism, with its back to the wall, was capable. The Dutch memory had to go back to 1574, the year of the Spanish siege of Leiden, for scenes of comparable suffering, and it is not surprising that the anniversary of the relief of Leiden on October 3 is now celebrated in Holland with an added significance. The German occupation with its terrible culmination has not only left deep psychological scars on the Dutch mind, but has left behind it, too, such problems as the still unhealed sore of the political prisoners, with all the misery of internal divisions, false accusations, wrongful imprisonment, and the war crimes trials of Germans and Dutch nationals, which are still proceeding, each fresh trial reopening the wound. Even the resistance movement has provided its dirt, the problem being to sort out the real heroes from those who used the resistance as a mask to hide earlier pro-Nazi activities and those who used it as a cover for robbery and murder on private account.

The repercussions on everyday life are myriad. For all one knows the milkman was an N.S.B-er, a former member of the National Socialist Beweging, the Dutch Nazi Party. Mrs. X is snubbed by her neighbours because her husband was an N.S.B-er. People avoid a certain shop because the proprietors were N.S.B-ers, or were involved in black market dealings during the hunger winter. Young Mr. Y., an ex-fighting member of the resistance, has developed a stutter and a desire to get out of his own country at the first opportunity because he was arrested by mistake after the liberation and kept in a cell with N.S.B-ers for five months before release. Mr. Z. can't get employment because he was an N.S.B-er; he has lost his vote and can't have a passport. The result is that there are many social pariahs, tending to form their own circles and nursing their grievances within them. They very naturally seize upon every shortage, difficulty, or injustice that occurs under democracy and use it as a proof that after all Hitler was right, and most pernicious and illogical of all, they, who broke every written and unwritten law of human conduct that stood in the way of their own aims, now claim

that all action taken against the Dutch Nazis is illegal because it is based on laws non-existent at the time they were betraying their countrymen to the Germans ; that is, they now seek the protection of the constitution they formerly reviled and sought to destroy.

How lasting the psychological impression made by the German occupation is can be understood by realizing that with the war three years over, these matters are still on the surface, the subject of everyday occurrence, while nothing in recent months has attracted so much interest or caused so much discussion as the trial of Rauter, the German Commander in Holland in the latter period of the war, who was held responsible for large scale shootings and deportations and condemned to death for his war crimes against the Dutch people by a Dutch court. Compare this with the impression made on the British mind by the blitz, which is now almost forgotten history, and one will realize the striking difference between the post-war mental attitude in England and Holland. The British are intent on putting the war behind them, and this is, no doubt, a healthy tendency ; in Holland, however, it is not so easy to forget.

Added to this internal illness is the problem of Indonesia, a problem far more complicated than—and not to be confused with—the British problem in India. The Dutch attitude towards the native population in its overseas territories differs in many respects from that of the British, intermarriage, for example, bearing no social stigma ; but there are other differences in recent history. Unlike British India, the Dutch East Indies were occupied for three and a half years by the Japanese, who spread vicious anti-Dutch propaganda, humiliated the Dutch residents in the eyes of the native population, subjecting them to all the horror and ignominy of concentration camp life, and organized and trained an Indonesian army of rebels some of whom now figure among the Republican personnel. One can easily visualize the changed attitude of the British government to British India, if that country had been subjected to a similar occupation, and the British Government's serious doubts about handing over an India, so disorganized and so poisoned by enemy propaganda, to self-government. There is for this reason alone substantial truth in the Dutch contention that the Dutch East Indies are not at the moment ready for complete independence, and something more than an ulterior imperialist motive in the claim that the Dutch have a still undischarged responsibility for the welfare of the seventy million inhabitants of the Indies which it is not willing to hand over to a small republican movement with a dubious claim to represent the true desires of those peoples. The position was already complicated by the intervention of the United Nations and of other countries, not so disinterested as they appeared to be. It has been still further complicated in recent months by the return of the communist, Moeso, to Djocja, the Republican capital, after a stay of some years in foreign countries, including Russia : by the subsequent fusion of the Republican Socialist Party, under Sjarifoeddin

with the Republican Communist Party, on which occasion Sjarifoeddin admitted having been secretly a member of the Communist Party since 1938; by the subsequent growth of communist influence within the Republican movement and Moeso's declaration that the Communist Party recognizes no agreements, no *status quo* line between Dutch and Republican held territory and that the immediate policy of the party is to kill as many Dutchmen as possible, and, finally, by the outbreak of civil war in Republican territory and the seizure of towns by the communists. The implications of these recent developments are extremely involved. Communist infiltration in Indonesia is likely to cause Holland's critics among other world powers to adopt a more sympathetic attitude to the Dutch attempt to restore order. So far, in spite of the threat to their own territory, the Dutch in Java have refrained from intervening of their own accord to suppress the communist revolt, while the Republican Government under President Soekano and Premier Hatta declares that it will have re-established its authority within a few weeks. Confusion, mistrust, and bad faith have so much the upper hand, however, that while some regard the communist insurrection as part of a master plan to create chaos and eventually to drive all western influence out of South East Asia, others here suspect that the revolt may have been staged to enhance the prestige of the Republic in the world's eyes—at the expense of the Dutch—by a show of anti-Communism and a demonstration that it can restore order and master the situation.

In Holland, itself, opinion is divided. The right knows its own mind and stands for a complete re-establishment of Dutch authority in the name of law and order and the welfare of the inhabitants. To the modern mind this attitude seems reactionary. The progressives plump for independence, arguing on lines which are too prone to depend on ideal postulates and to overlook the actual facts of the situation; while the main body of the population, heedless of the historical interdependence of Holland and the East Indies on which their own comparatively high standard of living was based before the war, are inclined to shrug shoulders. There is, however, a responsible body of disinterested opinion which looks upon the present state of affairs with grief and dismay and is ashamed that the Dutch Government should feel it necessary to continue relations with Republican leaders, many of whose reputations have been doubtful from the start and who, in view of the report of their complicity in opium smuggling and the amassing of huge private fortunes in America, are regarded not as statesmen, but as scoundrels: while the Dutch civilian prisoners still held by the Republicans, the destruction of plantations and the murder of planters by armed bands, and the continual skirmishing and consequent loss of life along the *status quo* line, all combine to unite responsible opinion in the desire for a restoration of order at the earliest possible moment, if necessary, by force.

A few figures may be useful to illustrate the importance of the Dutch

East Indies in the Dutch economy. Dutch capital investment in Indonesia before the war was higher than the investment of any other country in her overseas territories, amounting to no less than one sixth of her total national wealth. Of the estimated total of £400 million invested by other countries in Indonesia £300 million was in Dutch capital while of the East Indian Government debt of £130 million £100 million was Dutch. On the other hand, the trade between Holland and the Dutch East Indies was much smaller than is usually the case between other countries and their overseas territories. In 1938 Dutch exports to the Indies amounted to only 9.7 per cent. of her total exports while her imports from there amounted to only 7.7 per cent. of total imports, as compared with the British figures for export and import from the British Overseas Empire of half and forty-two per cent. respectively. Dutch exports to Indonesia stood fourth on her export list after the figures for export to England, Germany and Belgium, and her imports fifth after imports from those three countries and the U.S.A. Dutch wealth from Indonesia depended, therefore, not on the reciprocal trade between the two countries, but on income from investments of capital and men in Indonesia, and it was this income which enabled the Dutch to import the capital goods, raw materials and consumption goods from other countries which made the pre-war standard of living in Holland so high. Receipts from investments in Indonesia amounted to about £25 million in 1938, while the total income directly or indirectly dependent on the economic relations with Indonesia amounted to £68 million, or thirteen per cent. of the total national income.

That position is now entirely changed. Indonesia's pre-war favourable trade balance of £29.9 million per year has disappeared to be replaced with an adverse balance. Only in recent months have exports from Indonesia begun to pick up from those areas now under Dutch control, and it is from this source alone that the Dutch can hope to gain any benefit. Far from being a source of income from investments, Indonesia is now dependent for its revival on Dutch credits. The Netherlands Indies Government has already received £75 million worth of credits from Holland which figure is expected to increase to £98 million by the end of 1948, while it is planned to open new credits to the extent of £85 million. Besides this, Holland is guarantee for an Indonesian national debt amounting to £133 million. Add to these liabilities the expenses of training and maintaining an army to re-establish order in Indonesia with the drain on manpower that is urgently needed at home for reconstruction work, and it will be realized that in wishing to keep the Dutch East Indies within the Dutch orbit, Holland is not only claiming her own, but is also undertaking a heavy economic and financial responsibility.

Before leaving this subject, it is worthy of note that the economic revival of Indonesia is dependent not only upon a restoration of order and the re-cultivation of the devastated plantations, but also largely on

the economic revival of Europe. Before the war Europe took forty per cent. of the Dutch East Indies' exports and provided about half of her imports. In Holland it is thought that, despite mounting American competition, if Europe can recover with Marshall Aid, this pre-war inter-trading between Europe and Indonesia could be re-established to the benefit of both parties.

The third important difference between the post-war condition of Britain and Holland lies in the greater degree of economic dependence of Holland on Germany. Germany was no economic rival of Holland's but a main supplier and a large export market. The devastation of western Germany greatly hampers Holland's economic revival and Dutchmen, for all their hatred of their former oppressors, are well aware that Holland's recovery depends to a large extent on Germany's. A small start has been made with the export of fruit and vegetables to Germany, but it is so far only a start. Just as important for the Dutch as the actual exchange of goods with Germany is the river transport of German goods up and down the Rhine through the port of Rotterdam. With the collapse of Germany this source of income disappeared and its revival has been hindered not only by Germany's slow recovery, but also by the Allied Control government's decision to divert what traffic still exists to the north German ports in an attempt to revive the trade of those ports. Such a revival can, of course, only be at the expense of Rotterdam (and of the Belgian Antwerp) and the move is naturally enough strongly resented by the Dutch who, having been reduced to their present plight by the Germans do not see the justice of a plan to help the German ports at the expense of Germany's victims. Negotiations between Holland and Belgium and the Allied authorities had been proceeding for a long time without yielding a satisfactory result, until at the end of September an agreement was reached whereby German trade will again pass through Rotterdam and Antwerp.

Despite her impoverishment through a war for which she can bear no blame, and despite having been reduced from her position as the country enjoying the highest standard of living on the continent of Europe to that of a country dependent upon outside aid for recovery, Holland has made surprising advances in reconstruction at home at the cost of hard effort and personal sacrifice. The Dutch are hardworking and stolid, and though they do not shut their eyes to the dangerous developments abroad, they stick to their job of putting their own house in order with an admirable determination—perhaps, after all, because it is natural to them to do so. The reconstruction programme is hampered, not as in England by under-production and strikes, but by the shortage of the necessary money and equipment. In Holland the "work or want" slogan has never been necessary. How far this is due to Dutch character, or to a trade union movement less militant than the British, is hard to say, but that it is in great part due to the psychological effect of the German occupation is beyond doubt. That occupation not only gave the Dutch a sense of moral

superiority over their oppressors and an indignation which spurs them on to rebuild what the barbarian destroyed, it taught them what real hardship and slavery can be. Thus the Dutch make light of the many minor hardships of the recovery period and know the true value of the freedom they once lost. It is true that the German occupation had a depraving effect on some sections of the population and that suffering is not always a hastener; yet the memory of life under German occupation is a lasting one and does much to encourage the people in their effort to build a new Holland and to bear their present poverty cheerfully. The Dutch are now receiving substantial Marshall Aid, the total allocation up to September 24 being 113 million dollars, of which one third consisted of grain for bread. The improvement in the quantity and quality of the Dutch bread is already noticeable: all the same, bread, a main item of the Dutch diet, remains strictly rationed.

There has also, of course, been a radical change in Holland's foreign policy. The experience of the last war has shown the Dutch that their prized neutrality is no longer a safeguard against molestation when the great powers quarrel. Holland has co-operated with Belgium and Luxemburg to create the idea of the economic union known as Benelux and already the three countries are on the way to forming a true union which aims eventually at a complete fusion of their economies under a common plan. The scheme necessitates the sacrifice of some of the older ideas of economic sovereignty and is not, therefore, without its critics; but in accepting the principle of co-operation and rejecting that of competition and autarky, these three small countries can claim to have shown the first really effective piece of statesmanship since the war.

After Benelux came the five power military pact signed in Brussels this year. This is another and more serious step away from neutrality and again has its critics as has also the participation of the Benelux countries in the decisions on Germany's future, under a scheme whereby the majority of the votes will always lie in British and American hands while those countries which have actual experience of German aggression and occupation—who have lived under the Germans and seen them in action day by day—are left in the minority. There is a conviction in Holland that neither the British nor the Americans are fully equipped to deal with the German people because they have known them only in defeat and are dangerously unacquainted with a psychology wholly alien to their own. The occupied countries have a right to see their more intimate knowledge of the German mentality applied in the re-education of Germany for they have not only been the victims of German aggression, but, unlike England—and certainly unlike America—they would be the first to suffer again from the failure to solve the German problem.

The Dutch attitude to Britain, so warm-hearted and grateful in 1945, has been modified by events since then. The Dutch resent the British criticism of their policy in Indonesia, particularly since the Dutch difficulties

and efforts to secure a peaceful settlement there were practically ignored in the British press before the Dutch had to resort to force in July 1947; also because the British, in exercising such criticism conveniently overlooked their own activities in Palestine and Malaya and the French in Indo-China. It seems that one moral rule applies to great powers and another to small. But it is the general ignorance in Britain of the true situation in Indonesia and the lack of any attempt to see the Dutch difficulties and the Dutch point of view that rankle most.

The return of the illegal Jewish immigrants to the German concentration camps, the refusal to allow an international authority to take over in time before the British withdrawal in Palestine, the supply to the Arabs of armaments it was known would be used against the Jews, and the British manoeuvre at UNO to prevent President Truman removing the arms embargo, formed a case that is well-nigh unanswerable. It may be that the British are able to argue these things away to themselves: they will never deceive the outside world. In Holland opinion is wholly with the Jews, and the day after the elections the subject of Palestine again claimed the headlines in Dutch newspapers, one weekly paper recently devoting an entire issue to the question and to the achievements of the Jewish settlers. Britain's attitude demonstrates that considerations of power politics always bedevil international issues and will always be allowed to overrule the principles of true justice.

The Dutch have an especial sympathy for the Jews. Unlike the British, they have hidden them in their houses at the risk of their own lives, have seen them humiliated, assaulted, starved, herded into goods wagons on their way to the gas chambers of Augsburg and Belsen, and shot in their own streets. It is shameful that, with the Nazis defeated, Dutchmen receiving reports from the Cyprus camps should now hear from the same Jews they sheltered from Nazi terror that, except for the gas chambers, the British are, after all, little better than the Germans. It may not be true; it ought not to be true; but whether true or not, the other facts of the case support it in the foreigner's mind—and it is believed.

The Berlin crisis has drawn Dutch opinion, which is strongly anti-communist, closer to Britain, and now, with the development of the idea of a western union in which Britain will inevitably play a leading rôle, fundamental differences of attitude and opinion tend to be smoothed over. If, however, that union is to be genuine and effective, it will be more than ever necessary for the British to realize that there are attitudes and opinions on world problems that differ from their own and which have every right to be heard.

(The author, an Englishman, has lived in Holland for the past two and a half years.)

A CHILD IN GEORGE LANSBURY'S HOUSE

BY DAISY POSTGATE

MY father, George Lansbury, was a Suffolk fool, my mother, Elizabeth Brine, was a Hampshire hog—or so they described themselves; and I, Daisy, am a Cockney—if to be born within the sound of Bow Bells makes you a Cockney. Bow Bells are not in Bow, they are in Cheapside in the heart of the city some three miles away; but given a favourable wind, a quiet evening, and the bells of intervening churches silenced and modern traffic stopped, they could certainly be heard in the street where I and most of my brothers and sisters were born. The church we knew as Bow Church is really St. Mary atte Bow, and stood, until it was destroyed in the blitz, in a coffin-shaped churchyard in the middle of Bow Road.

My father and mother came to London as children, met and were married in Whitechapel Church, and except for two short periods, in one of which they emigrated to Australia and in the other moved into the country, they remained in London. Before they emigrated they lived in Whitechapel and when they came back they settled in Bow, where they lived until they died, my mother in 1933, my father in 1940. I was born in Bow in 1892, and because of my mother's stories of life in the Australian bush, particularly her description of cockroaches and spiders, I have always been grateful that I escaped that episode by being born too late.

My grandfather, Isaac Brine, lived in Bow. He was a timber merchant and had sent my father money to enable him to bring his wife and family back from Australia and offered him work in the timber yard. He had built three houses and a small cottage adjoining the yard and the family was put in the cottage. With a tiny court of red tiles in front surrounded by high iron-spiked railings, two of the houses stood side by side. When I was old enough to appreciate them I thought they were mansions, and indeed, compared with the rest of the houses in the street they were; but actually they had only three bedrooms, one long room with folding doors known as the parlour, a kitchen and a washhouse. It was called, more accurately, a "washus" because it contained a large stone copper in which the washing was boiled, and anyhow, nobody knew the word cullery. My grandmother did not keep her copper for long. She could afford to send her washing to be done at Bow Baths where the thoughtful municipality had provided accommodation for washerwomen; and in her house the cooking range was transferred to the washhouse and

the kitchen transformed into a dining room, probably the only one in the district. My grandfather had other ideas beyond his time and had made a tiny bathroom in each of these two houses by building out over the well of the stairs, and to the house in which he lived he added a greenhouse, heated by hot-water pipes, and planted a vine. Years later we moved into that house but to my disappointment the grapes remained bunches of hard green balls, and I could never discover, nor could anybody tell me, how the water had ever got into the pipes or how it had been heated. This third house was built over a large warehouse where veneers, which my grandfather cut from trees chosen by himself from woods and forests, were stored and dried. This also had a bathroom, but a real room this time, and although I was brought up to regard a bathroom as a necessity, even if the size of the family and the inadequacy of the hot-water system made more than one bath a week a luxury, I could never get used to that room. We moved into this house when I was about five years old and I hated bath nights. The bath itself was enormous and was fitted into a wide mahogany frame, comfortable to sit on but uncomfortable to lean over to wash small children.

We called it "the tall house." It too had six rooms, but the parlour was square with a fireplace made of blocks of real marble which my grandfather had collected in Wales, but until I was almost grown-up I believed them to be the famous Elgin marbles, of which I must have heard somebody speak. I used to boast that they *were* the Elgin marbles, and as my friends had no idea what these really were either, I was admired and never contradicted. This house was built round a curious little square garden with a fence at one end overlooking the timber yard. We spent a great deal of our time hanging over the fence watching and calling to the men below unloading enormous logs and stacking them in piles and we gave our mother many anxious moments because, being quarrelsome children, we were not above a vicious push or pinch likely to upset the balance when the protruding bottom of an acrobatic brother or sister presented itself.

My grandfather was living in this house—we were living in the cottage later to become the stables—when he died. I was nearly four years old and to be the baby of the family for a few months longer. I can just remember him as a kind but rather awe-inspiring man with a short grey beard who wore what I thought was a burglar's cap. I think that is why I found him awe-inspiring, because I knew he was *not* a burglar, so why did he wear that cap? It was actually a cap with ear-flaps buttoned on top, a fashionable sports cap I have since discovered. I suppose my brothers' penny bloods which had pictures of fierce-looking, masked men opening safes with chisels and wearing similar caps, had made me believe that only burglars wore them. "Penny bloods" were badly printed, badly written magazines with incredible adventure and crime stories, and though the boys were discouraged from reading them they

ally had one or two in their pockets.

My grandfather used to pat me on the head and give me halfpennies. He was devoted to my mother and she to him. He loved music and played the violin, but my grandmother, of whom I stood in great awe, did not like music and hated his violin, so he used to come into our house and play to "Bet's" accompaniment. He always called my mother Bet and I liked to feel that this name was special to him. To my father and her friends she was Bessie. Her real name was Elizabeth Jane which she hated. I could never understand why, and often reproached her for not passing it on to me. To be called Daisy, or in those days more commonly Mopsy, when there was such a dignified name in the family I found, and I find, very hard to bear. I asked her once why they had decided to name me that name, and she told me this story. My brother Edgar had once given a book of coloured pictures, one of which was a cow standing in a deep in buttercups with a daisy chain round its neck. Underneath was the word "Daisy". "Muvver", the little boy had whispered at her ear, or so my mother alleged; "If you have another baby will you call it Daisy after my cow?" My brother firmly denied the story when I asked him of it a few years ago, but maybe he had forgotten. When I asked my father why they had not given me Margaret as a name, he said simply: "We meant to call you Daisy, so why name you Margaret?" My grandfather's death was unexpected. He fell when getting down from the top of an omnibus and broke a blood vessel. And I, the baby of the family, was carried in to see him in his coffin by a well-meaning aunt. I screamed and was quickly removed, but not before I had received an everlasting memory of a waxen bearded face surrounded by white stuff which seemed to me to be a large shiny box.

My grandmother moved out of this, the tall house, after my grandfather's death, and we moved in, inheriting the bath with the mahogany frame. It reminded me always of that shiny box. Within a month or two a sister was born and I reluctantly gave place to the new baby. I had now two brothers and four sisters.

Our street was a long one, divided into two unequal parts by Roman Road, the main road which came from the city *via* Shoreditch and Bethnal Green and ended in Old Ford. It made a sharp class division. The northern and shorter end was the very poor section, the longer end housed the more comfortably-off artisans. These only came down our part in order to reach the enormous Victoria Park, some quarter of a mile away, and then only with much tilting of the nose and holding high of the skirts. We would watch them from our window on Sunday afternoons, dressed in their stiff Sunday clothes and, if our mother was out of hearing, join the other children in derisive shouts of: "Where did yer git that 'at?" For we lived in the poor end; and poor indeed the people were. The houses were built in one long line, squashed against each other, plumb on the pavement and broken only by my grandfather's houses and three

others further along which also boasted a tiny court and iron-spiked railings. A few of the men worked for my grandfather as labourers, his skilled men coming from further afield, but the majority were at a nearby small arms factory, when there was work to do. Their wages were small and their families large, and each house was divided between two or more families. There were three bedrooms, a parlour, a small room behind and a kitchen. The largest room was about twelve foot square and each house had a long dark passage with the rooms leading off one side. There were small gardens at the back, mostly trodden down earth; but one or two enterprising people kept goats and chickens, and one or two managed to grow chrysanthemums and dahlias. These were true gardening enthusiasts and kept their children busy collecting horse dung from the roads for manure. But our furnace chimney alone must have made the flowers very dirty.

We had five beer shops in our end of the street, which was about half the length of Whitehall. We never called them public houses; we preferred to know things for what they were. The superior end of the street had only one. They were open all day and did a good trade. Poor boys carrying long poles on which were hung shiny pint and half-pint cans carried regular orders to the men working in the timber yard, and to factories and men working on buildings and on the roads. Beer at 11 o'clock was the rule. And on Saturday nights those who were peace-loving citizens would hurry home, and those who were already home would listen for the first sounds of the inevitable fight. I watched one once from my bedroom window. It was a sickening sight; women screaming and kicking, punching and scratching, pulling out handfuls of hair and tearing off each other's clothes. Fighting drunk. Nobody dared interfere and only the sound of a police whistle brought the fighters to their senses. They drew round themselves whatever was left of their clothes and tried to hurry off. But they were too late; the police had arrived and the fight started all over again, but with the women united against the police. I was not able to see the end because my mother had heard me and ordered me back to bed. But I heard what must have been the Black Maria, as we called the police cart, trundling along the road, so I can safely assume that the police though scratched and minus their helmets and probably some hair, had won. The road was strewn with pieces of straw hat, broken feathers and rags the next morning.

We could hear from our house even if we were not allowed to see, and the curious thing was that the fights were never about anything important. Somebody might say in all innocence: "What's 'appened to yer old man? I aint seed 'im abaht lately," and the inebriate wife, assuming that her friend was suggesting that her husband was 'doing time', or had gone off with another woman, would jump actively and alarmingly to his defence. Nothing but a fight could uphold the honour of the missing husband. Men fought too but they were not so untidy and seldom let

more than a cap or waistcoat about for evidence. They merely waked us up with their lurid language and scuffling.

There were no licensing laws prohibiting children under fourteen years from entering beer shops and children of all ages were sent to buy the family dinner beer. And young mothers with babies and nobody to leave them with, tucked them in shawls tied round their bodies and over one shoulder and took them with them, rather than do without their "arf pint". If the baby was fretful it was given small sips, and if it did not like it and showed its distaste by howling, it was given more until the beer had its way and sent it to sleep. It was a common sight to see two or three small children with enormous hungry eyes staring out of pinched white faces, clinging to the bedraggled skirts of a drunken, quarrelsome mother, whimpering with fear. They too would be given an occasional sip and no doubt learnt to like the bitter taste.

My father and mother were staunch teetotallers and we were forbidden to go inside a beer shop; in spite of having lived near so many, it was not until I was quite grown up that I did. Even when my best friend was a publican's daughter, I refused to go inside and would wait about in the street hoping she would see me. And once I had to refuse a halfpenny, which I badly wanted, because it meant pushing my way between those mysterious swing doors; a woman had stopped me and asked me to take a letter into one of the two at the top of our street and had held a halfpenny encouragingly in the other hand. But I could not do it. My mother's word was law. But even if it had not been I could not have gone through those doors.

But although most of our neighbours occasionally got drunk, they were good hearted, kindly people, and some of them indeed are still my friends. They paid their rent when they could and when they couldn't, owed it until they could find something to pawn. But work in those far off days was hard to find, and when found the wages were barely enough to feed the family, so in some of the houses the tenants were continually changing. They would have nothing to pay the rent with and would stay on until the imminent arrival of the bailiff, and then 'shoot the moon'. This was simply piling all you possessed on to a barrow in the dead of night, taking care to have studied the policeman's nocturnal habits, and walking away, leaving behind an empty house with the rent unpaid. It was better not to go too far because a policeman on another beat might be suspicious if you were seen pushing a barrow-load of furniture in the middle of the night, and there was no need to go further than round the corner because rooms were easy to find and nobody would give you away to the rent collector. Besides, after all, you might need to do it yourself at any moment. What was really difficult was to get out of a house where you were a lodger, or where you had the upper rooms and where the man downstairs was your landlord. But it was often done, though sometimes clumsy moonlight flitter would get caught and then a fight finishing up

in the police court would be the temporary end of his career, while his goods would be taken and sold by the man downstairs in lieu of the rent due to him. I watched a family successfully 'shoot the moon' one night from my bedroom window. The landlord and his family must have been heavy sleepers because bed and bedding, chairs and tables were stealthily carried out and piled on to two barrows. I was excited and anxious in case they were caught. It never occurred to me to ally myself with the landlord. The man couldn't pay his rent, did not want to lose his furniture, and smiled at me when I met him in the street, so why should I impede him in any way? No moving contractor ever came down our end of the street with his huge pantechnicon. Nobody had enough goods to make it worth while. If you had too much for a barrow, you could always hire a small horse and cart.

There were two cul-de-sacs off our street, one inappropriately called Prince Arthur's Avenue. It was a black spot in the neighbourhood and never did I venture into it as a child. I was scared of the children though they never did more than shout after me in the street that my hair wanted cutting or that they did not like my hat. The men were mostly hawkers, shouting their wares from barrows which they pushed through the streets during the week and set up on pitches in the main road on Friday and Saturday nights. They sold whatever was going cheap, and when things were too dear, they collected rags and bones and old bottles. They made a precarious living and their children were dirty, uncared for, and dressed in unbelievable rags. Every few weeks a deputation of one or two children would call at our house. "Please Muvver says 'eve yer got sich a thing as an ole pair ev boots?" And our mother would hunt round for a pair which could not be handed down to her own children, add an old dress or pinafore, and hand the bundle over. About an hour later the child would return with a face sketchily washed, dressed in the clothes and say: "Please muvver says 'ere's the boots," holding out one foot "an 'ere's the frock," spreading out the skirt, "an 'ere's the pinnyfor," wiping her nose on the corner. And that would be the last we or the child herself would see of them. The boots, dress and pinafore would be 'popped', or taken to the pawn shop, where no doubt the price of half a pint of beer, or even a couple of bits of fish and chips, would have been loaned on them. I think it would have been better for the children if my mother had given away clothes without repairing them first; then they would not have been worth pawning but she was incapable of doing that.

There were several little shops in the street which could have made little profit because credit was so freely allowed. And it was the custom to give child shoppers something for themselves. There was an old junk shop which sold chipped jugs, pokers, tin kettles and almost everything that might be needed about the house, all already well used. It belonged to a Jew and as a side line he bought old jam pots and bottles for a half-

penny each. As soon as I was big enough I kept an eye open for empty tins and made a secret hoard. Then when I thought I had as many as I could carry I would approach my mother with a helpful expression and ask if she would like them taken to the shop. I was not allowed to keep the proceeds, but I was certain of an extra farthing, or even a halfpenny for myself from the Jewish proprietor. And I was always anxious to be sent to buy the bread, even though the daily three large loaves were rather a heavy and cumbersome load, because I was sure of a biscuit, or a stale cream sugar fondant tasting of hair oil, to comfort me on my way home. Then you have one halfpenny a week for pocket money, an occasional biscuit or sweet brightens the day considerably, and most of the children had no pocket money at all and these odd sweets were all they were likely to get. There were so many children and as between us we did the bulk of the shopping for our respective mothers, we must have been quite an expense to the shopkeepers. I did not really need the sweet or the biscuit because although we were poor, we were much better off than our neighbours and usually had at least biscuits in the house, but I was treated like the rest and would have been bitterly disappointed if I had not been. But our greatest joy was the ice cream merchant at the top of the street, just across the main road. He was an Italian and had an assistant who stood outside the shop in charge of a highly decorated barrow with shiny brass knobs and a gaily coloured awning, selling ice cream. We seldom bought any. On our way to school we would stop and wheedle and coax: "Give us a taster, now go on," until he gave in, and then a large spoonful of water ice, on lucky days with a piece of frozen lemon in it, would be shared among us. It was delicious, and I still believe that it is nicer than the most luxurious cream ice.

Nearer to our house was Mrs. R's. Her real name was Robinson but nobody called her by it. She lived on the ground floor of one of the tiny little houses which stretched along the street and had turned her parlour into a little shop. She sold almost everything except meat and furniture, and what she had not got she would get for you. She was a remarkable woman, a firm believer in the slogan that tariff reform meant work for all, and strong-minded enough to refuse to vote for my father, when the time came when she was allowed a vote in municipal elections, because he was a Socialist, even when the rest of the street was practically solid for him, and even though my mother was her best customer. She did not "hold with them there Socialists" and fundamentally believed that people should be content with the estate to which it had pleased God to call them. But she was kind and generous and did a large and one-sided trade; one-sided because many of her customers never paid, and only a few paid in full. She was known to everybody as Mrs. R. but it was not until she applied for her old age pension that we discovered she had never been married.

Most of the women earned a little money, some by taking in washing

from the more affluent end of the street, some by making match boxes, or shirts, and some by brush-making. The box-makers and brush-makers used to sit in their doorways when the housework was done making up their goods at a surprising speed. The doorways were very narrow and the women often large, so the pile of boxes would grow on the pavement outside. As each one was finished, a child would pile it up on the large dirty cloth spread out to receive it, and when two or three gross were finished, the bundle would be tied up tightly and put on one side until another cloth was full, and then an older child would slip an arm through each and set off to Bryant and Mays who had opened a factory some mile and a half away, there to receive three halfpence or a penny three farthings for a gross.

The chief brush-maker was a little woman named Mrs. Savoy. She later became a local figure and was given a public funeral. She had a gruff voice and a sharp tongue and I always crossed the road if I had to pass her house. I had no idea, in my childish ignorance, what a great little woman she really was. She knew everybody's business and was the ministering angel of the street. If help was needed, she gave it ; if advice was needed, she gave it, and very sound it was. And she made excellent brushes and occasionally called at our house with a hair brush or a clothes brush. It would be a present—but not without its price. She would have heard of someone who was not getting his rights, and as she had given my father a clothes brush, it was his duty to put the matter right. He would of course have done what he could without the clothes brush, but he would never hurt her feelings by telling her so. It says a great deal for the worthiness of her brushes that I should be using one still. The shirt-makers I never saw at work, but I could hear their machines as I passed by to school, and I saw the pale, heavy-eyed, dazed-looking women when they came out to do their shopping. Perhaps it was because they lived with the noisy old-fashioned sewing machines for such long hours, but they seemed quieter and less friendly than the other women.

When a woman was ill or having a baby, a neighbour automatically went in to clean up her house and cook for the family. Babies came at regular short intervals and the women worked until the time came for a midwife to be called in and were up again making their matchboxes at their doors or sweeping the pavement in front of the house within, at the most, two days ; and the new baby would be nursed in the gutter by a child very little bigger than itself. If the mother was too ill to do her work, or if her older children could not do it for her, then the neighbours would take over her share of matchboxes, or brushes, or shirts, because connections broken could not always be put together again. You did it for your neighbour and she did it for you.

(Daisy Postgate's reminiscences will be concluded in the December issue.)

AMSTERDAM AND THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

BY OLIVER TOMKINS

FOR more than a generation the fissiparous consequences of the Reformation have been first checked and then reversed by a growing Protestant movement towards co-operation and unity. A conference at Edinburgh in 1910 drew together a large number of official representatives of British, American and European Protestant* churches to discuss co-operation in overseas missionary work. As a direct result, two other movements came into being. One, associated with the name of the American Episcopalian Bishop Charles Brent, was known as the 'Faith and Order Movement' and had for its purpose the examination of the grounds for separation between churches in doctrine and church government, with a view to mutual understanding and eventual unity. The other, associated with the name of the Swedish Archbishop, Nathan Söderblöm, was known as the 'Life and Work Movement' and aimed at promoting world-wide co-operation in matters of social, economic and political life in which Christian principles were involved. Both movements soon gained the active participation of representatives of the Eastern Orthodox Churches and so transcended purely Protestant boundaries. Both movements held periodic conferences on a representative and world-wide basis. Each met in conference in 1937, 'Faith and Order' in Edinburgh, 'Life and Work' in Oxford, and each approved a plan for their merging into a single organ, to continue their previous work and to do whatever else the participating churches remitted to it, to be known as the 'World Council of Churches.' A provisional committee, a draft constitution and a letter of introduction to churches to join the Council were all approved in 1938, with the hope of holding the inaugural assembly in 1941. The war intervened: the slender skeleton organization weathered the storm and indeed emerged from it firmly grounded in the gratitude and hopes of millions of Christians who had found in it, during the war years, both the instruments and the promise of a Christian fellowship which transcended man-made divisions. In 1938 the World Council of Churches was an idea; in 1948 it was known to be a necessity and on August 23 it became a fact.

The Amsterdam Assembly was thus—at least as far as man proposes—merely the first meeting in a series to be held 'normally' every five years.

* I am one of those Anglicans who do not scruple to call the Church of England "Protestant," since I understand its antithesis to be "Papist". The seventeenth century Anglican divines provide a solid precedent for doing so.

In the intervening years, a Central Committee of some hundred persons is the principal organ of the Council.

At Amsterdam, 351 delegates and 238 alternates represented 147 churches from forty-four countries. Such statistics can mean much or little. These mean much. 'Delegates' means that those present were sent officially by the highest authority, whatever it might be, in the Christian communities they represented, thus binding the Churches *as Churches* to the Council. Repeatedly and emphatically the Council repudiates any claim to authority over the participating Churches. It exists to be their servant, doing only what they lay upon it and binding them to nothing to which they do not freely bind themselves. The Council is described in its constitution as a "fellowship of Churches which accept Our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour." So that 'Churches' here means such explicitly Christian bodies as can accept that basis and wish to be known as Churches. They include every province of the Anglican Communion; the Protestant Churches, both Lutheran and Reformed, of the European continent; the main Protestant and Free Churches of Britain and North and South America; the 'younger churches' of Asia, Africa and the Pacific; the Eastern Orthodox Churches of Constantinople, Greece, Cyprus and Alexandria; and the 'Separated Easterns' of the Ethiopian Church and Mar Thoma and Syrian Orthodox Churches of South India.

The very width of the representation made the remaining exceptions more noticeable. Some absentees were known to be unwilling. East of the 'iron curtain' many who had taken part in the preceding conferences would have been there if they could, though the curtain did not wholly cut them off. Some sixteen delegates and alternates came from Czechoslovakia, and ten from Hungary. Two great exceptions need special mention. The Moscow Patriarchate had convened a meeting in July of Orthodox bishops, largely drawn from the Russian sphere of influence, which adopted a resolution refusing to participate in the formation of the Council "in its present form" but yet asking to be kept informed of future developments. The other great exception is of course the Church of Rome. Holding the position which that Church does with regard to other Christian bodies as such and to the only path to Church unity, it has always been clear why the Papacy has not taken part in the movements leading up to the World Council. On the first Sunday of the Assembly, a pastoral letter was issued by the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of Holland to be read in their churches. After explaining at length why Catholics can play no active part in the movement, the letter concludes by inviting the prayers of the faithful for all "who take part in this congress" and that "all may share in the true unity which God gave to men."

Much of the time was spent in the inevitable business of an inaugural Assembly, but more immediate interest focussed on a series of 'sections' which issued reports to the plenary Assembly, which accepted them and commended them to the participating Churches "for sympathetic con-

consideration and appropriate action." Since these reports are already available in published form* it is only necessary here to indicate their main emphasis before passing some final comments on the Assembly as a whole. Four subjects had been chosen for consideration. On each, two years of international co-operation had resulted in a series of volumes and a nucleus, in each 'section', of members who had worked together already on the subject in hand. As a result of six days' intensive work in the 'section', a report of 2,000-2,500 words was drawn up, calculated to sharpen the issues for the thought and action of the participating Churches on the four themes.

1. *Church Unity*. Two factors distinguish this report from most of its forerunners. First, an unusually sharp and realistic estimate of the depth, in church life and thought, between the emphases vaguely but sufficiently designated 'catholic' and 'protestant'. It is noteworthy that for the first time in such conferences, the Orthodox delegation did not feel impelled to enter a minority, dissenting statement at any point. Any further attempts to dismiss the World Council as 'a pan-Protestant bloc' will be palpably either misinformed or malicious. Secondly, a dialectic method of discussion (largely the contribution of Karl Barth, a highly co-operative member of the 'section') first states clearly the agreements which could be affirmed—and they are astonishingly deep and wide—and then works into them to identify the disagreements which they conceal and finally exposes the ultimate agreement upon which perseverance in the dissolution of disagreements is based. Any attempt to summarize in a few lines the theological issues to which these methods are applied could only be misleading and interested readers must go to the report itself.

2. *Evangelism*. When the subject matter of this 'section' was first introduced to the Assembly in a brilliant speech by Bishop Stephen Neill, it evoked a deep and lively response, yet the 'section' itself had great difficulty in reaching a satisfactory report. Possibly this was because the subject of evangelization is one on which passionate ecclesiastical oratory is dangerously easy though sober and detailed statement is hard. There was no doubt about the conviction with which the Assembly stressed the obligation of the Church to be 'missionary' if it is to be true to its calling.

Three things are perfectly plain :

All that we need to know concerning God's purpose is already revealed in Christ.
It is God's will that the Gospel should be proclaimed to all men everywhere.
God is pleased to use human obedience in the fulfilment of His purpose.

To the Church, then, is given the privilege of so making Christ known to men that each is confronted with the necessity of a personal decision, yes or no.

But the difficulty arises in attempting a comprehensive statement of what this means to-day in the great diversity of conditions which face missionary work in the modern world. Almost everywhere, Christians

* Published by the S.C.M. Press.

are in a minority ; almost everywhere they realize that evangelism is not only an obligation to ' send missionaries ' but to be missionary at home. Yet when one considers the various conditions in Eastern and Central Europe with its despair and the persecution and restriction of Christian work, or in America or Western Europe where there is an often superficially prosperous Christian activity and no great open attack upon it, in the Asian lands where Christianity faces both the resistance of Islam and the acids of modernity, in Africa where ancient animistic and primitive cultures are dissolving under westernism—in these varied circumstances there is hardly a generalization which can be advanced from one quarter which will not be flatly contradicted from some other. The report acknowledges this difficulty, but closes with some vigorous demands for taking more seriously the responsibility for evangelism of *lay* men and women and the need for co-operation between separated Christian communities if the urgency of the task is to be effectively met.

3. *The Church's Responsibility for Society.* This is one of the two subjects on which the lay world expressed an interest in the proceedings. Its main contention is the new situation created for humanity by " the power of technics," thus confronting Christian morality with unprecedented problems. The subject is too vast to be adequately treated shortly, and certainly the preparatory volume, on which the thinking of the section was based, is essential reading for any who wish to judge whether the contemporary Christian mind has anything of value to say about our present perils*. Considerable interest was naturally shown in the part of the report which discussed " Communism and Capitalism." Like the Lambeth Report, it refused to take a merely negative attitude towards Communism.

Christians should ask why communism in its modern totalitarian form makes so strong an appeal to great masses of people in many parts of the world. They should recognize the hand of God in the revolt of multitudes against injustice that gives communism much of its strength. They should seek to recapture for the Church the original Christian solidarity with the world's distressed people, not to curb their aspirations towards justice, but, on the contrary, to go beyond them and direct them towards the only road which does not lead to a blank wall, obedience to God's will and His justice. Christians should realize that for many, especially for many young men and women, communism seems to stand for a vision of human equality and universal brotherhood for which they were prepared by Christian influences. Christians who are beneficiaries of capitalism should try to see the world as it appears to many who know themselves excluded from its privileges and who see in communism a means of deliverance from poverty and insecurity. All should understand that the proclamation of racial equality by communists and their support of the cause of colonial peoples makes a strong appeal to the populations of Asia and Africa and to racial minorities elsewhere. It is a great human tragedy that so much that is good in the motives and aspirations of many communists and of those whose sympathies they win has been transformed into a force that engenders new forms of injustice and oppression, and that what is true in communist criticism should be used to give convincing power to untrustworthy propaganda.

* That is, *The Church and the Disorder of Society*. S.C.M. Press. 12s. 6d. Contributors include Dr. J. H. Oldham, Professors Reinhold Niebuhr and Emil Brunner.

goes on however to list five ways in which atheistic Marxism is in irreconcilable conflict with Christianity, though it adds four points upon which Christianity is also in conflict with capitalism.

This part of the report concludes :

The Christian Churches should reject the ideologies of both communism and *laissez faire* capitalism, and should seek to draw men away from the false assumption that these extremes are the only alternatives. Each has made promises which it could not redeem. Communist ideology puts the emphasis upon economic justice, and promises that freedom will come automatically after the completion of the revolution. Capitalism puts the emphasis upon freedom, and promises that justice will follow as a by-product of free enterprise ; that, too, is an ideology which has been proved false. It is the responsibility of Christians to seek new, creative solutions which never allow either justice or freedom to destroy the other.

4. *The Church and International Affairs.* Two contrasted papers were read to the Assembly by John Foster Dulles, U.S.A. Secretary-of-State-presumptive, and Josef Hromadka, a Protestant theologian on the Czech National Action Committee. The report itself opens with a fine statement of the distinctively Christian hope in the present international crisis—that “nothing is impossible with God.” It was not possible to state an agreed Christian attitude to war except that it is, *per se*, “incompatible with the teaching and example of Our Lord Jesus Christ.” Even with modern warfare before them Christians variously hold that :

- (a) some wars in the past may have been *justa bella*, but modern war can never be just ;
- (b) in the absence of impartial supranational institutions, even modern war may be the only available sanction of law, and law must be safeguarded ;
- (c) complete refusal of military service and an absolute witness against all war is the only truly Christian attitude.

But more positively the report has some quite definite things to say about attack on the causes of war, the upholding of the rule of law and the establishment of human rights under international agreement. There was condemnation of communist Russia, set in the context of fundamental injustices and sins and the denial of human rights by any political system. There was a healthy absence of ‘western’ self-righteousness.

Two factors deserve mention, finally, because they lifted the Assembly out of being simply a demonstration of a Western, Anglo-Saxon and European outlook.

First, the small but able and vocal delegation from Asia and Africa challenged the majority at various points. They reproved the older churches for apathy and coldness in the urgent tasks of Christian unity and evangelization ; they were far from being worried by the western loss of nerve at our dangerous use of ‘technics’, for they have not enough of modern science’ and are confident of their own ability to use it soundly. They helped westerners to see the west from outside and refused to be dragged into the pessimism induced by our western self-analysis. Our outlook on Communism is very different from theirs, for they have not been deaf to the claims and achievements of the U.S.S.R. in land-reform

and racial autonomy. They feel they are on a rising tide, and they like the feeling.

Secondly, another minority group made an impact out of proportion to its numbers. The Orthodox delegation included five bishops and ten lay professors of theology (the latter a distinctive feature of Orthodox church life) coming mostly from Greece and the Islands, though one was from Istanbul. Most of them had little or no previous experience of western protestantism on a large scale. Their sense of isolation and estrangement to begin with is easily understood if one tries to imagine a delegation of fifteen Baptist ministers attending a large Orthodox congress on Mount Athos. But they made sufficient impact in all parts of the Assembly to be able to feel that their Orthodox witness had not been compromised.

Another group which departed with a heightened sense of its own value to the west was the Lesser Eastern Churches, especially encouraged by the knowledge that the four delegates from Abyssinia represented a solid block of nine million Coptic Ethiopian Christians, whose existence could no longer be ignored by western Christians.

The World Council was inaugurated with Eastern Orthodoxy planted firmly in its mind, even if the numerically greater part of the Orthodox world was unable or unwilling to be represented.

Behind the whole work of the Assembly lay a resolute desire to wait upon God for a Christian word to the modern world, which was not dependent upon anything in history for its authority, but spoke to the historical with an authority derived from beyond it. Such a work remains "to the Greeks, foolishness" for it proposes to cure our disorder by appeal to that which rationalist humanism by definition denies. But, like the prophets of Israel, if we are given that word, we must speak it, whether men hear or whether they forbear.

It reached its clearest and simplest expression in the 'Message' adopted by the whole Assembly at its end. After facing the peril in which we stand, it says :

But there is a word of God for our world. It is that the world is in the hands of the living God, Whose will for it is wholly good ; that in Christ Jesus His incarnate Word, Who lived and died and rose from the dead, God has broken the power of evil once for all, and opened for everyone the gate into freedom and joy in the Holy Spirit ; that the final judgment on all human history and on every human deed is the judgment of the merciful Christ ; and that the end of history will be the triumph of His Kingdom, where alone we shall understand how much God has loved the world. This is God's unchanging word to the world.

It is a message which is addressed "to all who are in Christ and to all who are willing to hear."

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PARAGUAY

BY GEORGE PENDLE

IF you travel by aeroplane from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires by the inland, western route, you stop for a few minutes in the very middle of the continent. For many hundreds of miles around, everything luxuriantly green. The atmosphere, as you step from the plane onto the airfield, is hot and damp. It is as though the continent were suffocating you. You are impatient to be off again, to be away to the edges of the continent, to escape from the tropical embrace, to breathe the free air that comes from the sea. The weight of surrounding land—so much land, with such a heavy damp weight of soil and vegetation—is tremendous upon you in this, the middle of a huge continent. Then you board the plane again. On your way south you circle over Asunción, but you barely notice this town of 100,000 inhabitants, so closely are the widely scattered houses buried by the foliage of the orange-trees and mangoes of their gardens. From above, you see patches of the rich red soil from which the billowing vegetation grows.

There is another approach. You travel upstream from Buenos Aires by steamer. You leave an estuary-city of neon-lighting, prosperous capitalists, shining automobiles, Parisian fashions, underground railway and modern industry. You penetrate very slowly, day after day for four days, into the warm heart of South America. Up the brown River Plate with its towns and grain elevators, the wide and winding River Paraná, the brown, narrower, curving River Paraguay. As you progress—or it is a form of progress, to abandon the neon-lit street and find the brown alligator basking on the brown river-bank—human habitations become more and more rare. The vegetation on either side of the small white river steamer, is matted jungle. The earth of the banks which was brown, becomes red. The river is narrower. Only once in every three or four hours do you so much as see the smoke of a village or of an isolated shack. Very rarely, you pass a man in a lonely log boat, patiently rowing who knows whither in this river-land of piled-up vegetation, which is a crowded jungle, yet desolate as a desert. On the fourth day the shallow white steamer curves in towards the colonial, *quinta*-city of Asunción. A line of men in cotton suits is waiting on the quay.

Paraguay is one of the oldest countries of the New World. Sebastian Cabot reached Paraguay and built a fort in 1527. Asunción, the capital city, was founded ten years later. It was from Asunción that Juan de

Garay sailed downstream and established in 1580 the City of Buenos Aires.

Old Paraguay, at the head of the whole river-system which leads to the Atlantic Ocean (over 1,000 miles away) and which waters a vast area of Argentina, has an eternally strategic position. When the Spaniards founded Asunción four hundred years ago, they intended this city to be the capital, not of a small and isolated State, but of all the Spanish possessions east of the Andes.

Because of its geographical position, Paraguay, since declaring its independence from Spain in 1811, has had to fight terrible wars against all its neighbours—Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Bolivia. The most isolated of South American States has been involved in external wars in every direction, and has yet remained quite isolated and quite secret.

It may be that the dictator-hero Marshal Francisco Solano López was too aware of the historical importance of Paraguay, too conscious of the country's strategic advantages, and that, as his enemies maintained and as their descendants to this day maintain, he planned to create an empire at the expense of his neighbours. Or it may be that the devastating war of 1864-1870 in which Paraguay fought against the combined forces of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil and in which the Paraguayan population was reduced to about one-seventh of its pre-war numbers—it may be that this tragic war, which ended only with the death of López himself, was a war of defence, a war within the bigger struggle, the struggle between the bigger States for power in South America. Paraguay is a buffer-State separating Brazil from Argentina, and so long as Paraguay remains independent, the balance will be maintained.

To-day, more than seventy years after the death of López, this country, buried in the very heart of the continent, is a natural air-base, a natural centre for military operations in all directions, an almost undeveloped source of immense natural wealth (timber and tannin, cotton, sugar, citrus fruit, and, probably, petroleum) and therefore, in its isolation, strangely important.

Paraguay on the surface is soft and luxuriant; roses, tropical fruits, jingling music, warm nights, easy fertility of vegetation and of man. The core of Paraguay is hard as iron. The red soil of this land gives forth the hard red wood of the quebracho tree—the "hatchet-breaker"—and a race of stocky, red-brown warriors. The Paraguayans are easy-going. They have a soft, smiling language. But beneath the surface they are hard as quebracho.

The greatest pride of the Paraguayans is their success in the latest of their wars: the war against Bolivia in the Chaco from 1932 to 1935. This is the great trial through which they have all passed, and from which they have emerged triumphant. They have travelled into their country's obscurest regions as soldiers. They have argued about its frontiers as lawyers. They have all shared personally in making and remaking the

map of Paraguay.

After their periods of heroism, the Paraguayans write simple statements of what has happened. Paraguay, in the centre of America, has been less affected than any other American country by European fashions. Paraguayan literature is as simple as everything else in this land. With the exception of some of the work of two or three poets, it consists of *charlas* among friends after the battle. Camp fire literature.

The Paraguayans of to-day, forged in a series of wars and of military dictatorships (almost the only form of government that they have experienced up to now), are a democratic people, simple and friendly and remarkably equal. There is a more or less uniform economic level, a unity of experience, a real brotherliness and violent political rivalries which ensure that no party shall for long remain supreme.

This sparsely populated country (the present population is about one million, which means an average of two per square mile), is isolated by its position on the map. Paraguay was further isolated by the closed, dictatorial policy of its nineteenth century rulers : Dr. Francia, Carlos Antonio López, and his son the Marshal. The isolation has brought one considerable advantage. No other country is so separated from the outside world ; but no other country is so purely itself, so uniform racially, bound so tightly in spiritual and physical solidarity. And that isolation, finally, has been accentuated by an indigenous language.

Guarani is the language of the Indians of Paraguay and therefore, the language of Paraguay. (There is a very small admixture of European blood in the race). *Guarani* is the language of Paraguay for all that is essential. Spanish is used in towns, and for communicating with foreigners. It has been said : " Paraguayans study, reason, and calculate in Spanish ; but they love, grow angry, and fight in *Guarani*." The Paraguayans are united by their language, which is theirs alone (in the war with Bolivia they used it as a code). In the rest of Latin America, the non-Latin American is a *gringo*. In Paraguay, all non-Paraguayans are *gringos*. Even the neighbouring Argentines are *gringos*. But if you speak a few words of *Guarani*, the Paraguayan's face will light up, and you will have entered into his life, his real life, which is one with the rich earth, the abounding vegetation, flowers, sun, terrific rain storms, clear scented nights.

The North Americans have made fine straight roads in Paraguay. Aeroplanes arrive punctually, and punctually depart. The river steamers come and go (not so punctually). Western civilization in the form of commerce, the wireless, politics, is coming rapidly to Paraguay. But most of the day, and all the night, Paraguay is alone. United racially and linguistically, and alone.

Everything that Paraguay is, can be found in her great composer, José Asunción Flores, and in his music. He is short, sturdy, brown, simple, with a quiet dignity and a handshake that is as solid as the earth

itself. The young Paraguayan poet, Augusto Roa Bastos describes Flores as : " Noble, with that nobility of the soil which no man can usurp, that nobility which cannot be conferred upon a man nor be had for the asking, but which comes from the earth and by destiny." Flores stands solidly on the earth. He is like the figures in some of the best modern Central American paintings, where the legs are represented as being thick as a tree trunk, to show that they grow from the soil and belong to it.

The Paraguayans are musical, but they have no folk music, except the soft music of their language itself. They are ready to dance at the slightest opportunity—at the sound of the guitar, or any evening, even without music, beneath the moon and the palm-trees on the rich red earth. The national dance is the polka, imported by chance who knows when, and adapted to the scented air and the warm nights. The polka has been de-Slaved, but it is not a spontaneous growth.

Flores, with his own genius and the aid of the greatest of Paraguay's poets (Manuel Ortiz Guerrero), probed down into Paraguay, and produced by some miracle its real music, which is the synthesis of everything Paraguayan. This music of Flores—of Paraguay—is known generically as the *guarania* (originating from the local race and language, *Guarani*).

The *guarania* contains all the flowers that have ever blossomed in Paraguay, all the nostalgia and sadness, all the warmth and colour and gentleness, all the suffering of the people and, at sudden moments, all their triumph. It contains all the nights of Paraguay, the stars, the brown young men and the upright flowering girls. Suddenly the music stops—then resumes with the mysterious dignity of the ecclesiastical music brought here by the Spaniards, the music of the Mass and of candles and incense.

There is nothing more Paraguayan than this music, the *guarania* ; but also it is universal in its quality. In the *guarania* Flores has released Paraguay from its isolation in a manner in which no roads nor air-lines can release it. The *guarania* gives, for the first time, the Paraguayan's otherwise inarticulate message to humanity. And what is that message ? That nature and man are noble ; that the purity of man's emotions and sensibility when he lives with the earth, is beautiful and good ; and that through suffering and solitude man is transfigured.

THE EDWARDIAN MOTOR-CAR

BY OLIVER WARNER

SO much has been endured in the last few decades that the Stuarts scarcely seem more remote than the reign of the seventh Edward.

Some, who were then children, have a sense that their memories are more than half dreams. Shapes and ways have changed, often beyond recognition. For instance, are the sleek, low, mass-produced tricksters which, when we have basic, we glide about the tar-mac, true descendants of the Edwardian motor-car? It is not very credible; and then, in a laboured attempt to trace the various steps in transition, the seeking spirit may be brought up with a jolt by—the jeep. There, returned to life again, is the square bonnet and radiator, the short wheel-base, the canvas hood, the inadequate protection, the high clearance, all familiar in the early motor. History is telescoped. Recollection stirs; for apart from its low centre of gravity, a jeep would not have appeared much out of place in a street of 1909. Does this argue a revival of forgotten charms, or is it merely a war-produced freak? The answer surely is that the jeep, in its original form, was a reversion in one sense only. It re-introduced out-door motoring.

The Edwardians were, perforce, out-door motorists. Nearer our own time the prevalence of the saloon, a type unknown to our uncles, has made an indoor pastime. No need for special clothes, goggles, even for hats. No wind need tousle hair. Travellers are ensconced—that is the fittest word—like sardines in a tin, and are conveyed, draughtless and tidy, punctually to their destination. It once was different.

A jaunt in an Edwardian car was precarious, like an innings by Woolley, and that was largely the fun. The Sovereign himself was ahead of his age in this form of pleasure. He once had a Gardner-Serpollet steam-car; he had two of the earliest motor-mowers; and in his later years his enclosed cars were prophetic. They were of a type known as limousine, weather-proof; but the ordinary run of purchaser acquired a car, when he could afford it, in much the same spirit that a young man of to-day might acquire a Bermuda-rigged sloop—for sport. A paradox lies in the fact that, while these Edwardian motors were often of unsure progress, they were built solidly, by hand, and meticulously finished. They were heavy, strong and made to last. There is a fashionable cult for the primeval motor. It is rewarding to find what splendid workmanship and mass the old monsters carry. Builders had not yet realized unity of design, and the shining lamps and other fittings carried on a tradition

of smart trappings deriving from the horse-drawn equipage.

One of the turning points into modern motoring came with Mr. Henry Royce's *Silver Ghost*. In 1907 this silent and stately machine, in essence so like its successors, ran for fifteen thousand miles without mechanical break-down of any kind, non-stop, mainly over rough roads, and with fractional wear. Far more than a mere two years of experiment appear to separate it from the same designer's two-cylinder motor of 1905, now gracing the Science Museum at Kensington. Mr. Royce, as was his way, had achieved perfection. It was inevitable that reliability should percolate downwards, and with a good deal off the price. Utility motoring, with its endless ramifications, was in prospect. The doctor of the future would no longer spend more time beneath his coupé than in the driving seat; the dowager would use her landaulette with increasing assurance that she would be accurately late for her engagements; the butcher would give up his pony-van in favour of a Humber.

Nomenclature has changed almost as much as appearance. To-day, the main types of car have been rationalized into the saloon, the all-weather, the coupé and the sports-car. There are indeed a few more, such as the brake, but the variety is not to be compared with that of forty years ago. There was then the limousine, in which a passenger could stand without risk of cracking his head; the landaulette, whose hinder roof could be lowered in the way of modern taxis; the cabriolet, father of the all-weather body; the berliet, a town car with no roof extension for the chauffeur; the coupé; the vioturette; the victoriette; and (almost as universal as the modern saloon), the phaeton, an open car with *tonneau* or back seating, and folding canvas hood, beneath which the passengers climbed through a door at the rear. It was not until 1906 that more than one or two firms had begun to advertise "side entrance a new feature."

They were stalwarts in those days. When they went motoring, women wore veils, at once preserving the complexion from the worst of the dust, and securing the hat on the head. Wind-screens were not standard equipment in any but exceptional cars, while Edward lived. It was an era of superb coats and gloves; and well that it was so, since the prospect for those in *tonneaux* was—in the summer, copious dust, for the tarry surface was mostly to come; in the winter, biting wind, and probably rain—all this little eased by the certain prospect of stops for punctures and running repairs. Food and drink were taken, rugs too; all the appurtenances appropriate to the carriage from which the motor descended.

It was the first large order for a standard type of enclosed body, placed in America, and its success watched with interest all over the world, which finally decided that motoring should be in comfort, and that those who wanted air should, in future, be catered for apart from the general run.

Such is nostalgia, that it is usual to think of the aristocratic conveyances which blossomed in the Regency as *hors concours*. For looks, this may have been so, but, except for the landau, the coach and the chariot—developing

er into the brougham—with their glass windows, they must have been plustery as they were dashing. Stubbs's well liked *Lady and Gentleman Phaeton* is exquisite—as a picture. But it is studio stuff. The road is smooth, the season fair, the figures posing. The phaeton, for winter treys on rough roads? Yet it was, in fact, the phaeton that struck the eye of the earlier motor builders. The reason was perhaps because the phaeton, a phaeton development, was the fashionable park-carriage from 1880 onwards. It was, in truth, the last new style to come from the coach-builders. So phaetons, steered by tiller, figure in all the early motor shows. This fact has a certain significance. It acknowledges, indeed the victory of the horse, but the fact that that potent creature managed to retard mechanical road locomotion in England for nearly a century. The god must be placated, by name if in nothing else.

The rear-guard action had been astounding. From 1832 onwards Parliament, manned strongly in both Houses by landed gentry, seeing that steam road propulsion was henceforward practical, seeing too the effect of the railways, passed a series of Acts confining the mechanical motive to the line. Such was the net effect of the red flag law, which required that a man should always precede the horseless carriage, bearing the proletarian banner by day, and a lantern by night. The law was not repealed until 1906, and then only after intense opposition, fed by lusty prejudice. From that date onwards designers could work in earnest, but cannot be said that they were quick in the uptake. For years, they copied the stately craft of the coach-builder.

The car vendor was, in fact, in awe of tradition, and of good form as prescribed by carriage folk. His was indeed a 'motor-carriage' trade, competing with a still flourishing horsed industry. It was obsessed with the vertical. It took years of hesitation before it came to be accepted that the shape of the automobile must evolve its own beauty, and that the idea of speed was horizontal.

Mr. Frederick Lanchester aptly summed the matter up. "Instead of the automobile designer boldly proceeding on the firm basis of utility," he wrote, "and then allowing his artistic sense to harmonize his lines with that purpose, he put the cart before the horse, and endeavoured to allow that he thought was artistic feeling to interfere with his freedom of choice. Early attempts to establish a horizontal waist-line were hampered by the dread of giving a heavy or clumsy appearance." The dread was, in fact, even realized, and much thought and high finish lavished on such items as purposeless low doors. He may himself be absolved from standing still. His cars were from the first original. The engine was beneath the body, not in front of it. The logical tiller was retained long after a wheel for steering had become the mode; and his technical ingenuity was generally ahead of his rivals. He was in the front of the phalanx which was at last to sweep away unpractical shapes and bodies; but one or two not unpleasing qualities his early cars did share with the carriage—and the boat: they

were roomy and they conveyed the impression that they were afloat on the road. Their drivers had, in fact, something of the status enjoyed by the captain of a vessel.

The Sovereign himself, the man of whom his eldest grandson wrote that he was the last Englishman to enjoy himself, had unique status. He was a true enthusiast, and he loved speed. Messrs. Hooper, the coachbuilders of St. James's Street, whose premises are so worthy of their site, preserve an elegant book of photographs of cars built for monarchs. It is instructive to observe how Edward always kept a pace or two before his people. By 1899, steam-car experiments were set aside, and his last motor as Prince of Wales was a six horse-power Daimler phaeton. Royal favour of this particular make has been consistent, but not exclusive. This early vehicle was in one respect transitional. It had solid tyres at the back, pneumatic tyres in the front. It had the old form of carriage candle lamps, sumptuously cased, with large reflectors.

The model of the following year shows vast improvement. It is described as a waggonette, and there is now no question about the tyres. Air had come to stay, though the lamps were still appropriate to the carriage. There was now, for the first time, a splendid folding canvas hood, far too individual and elaborate ever to become a standard fitting.

Before the royal tradition settled to the stately dark red Daimlers so familiar in London, two other vehicles command attention. First was Edward's Mercedes Benz limousine of 1905. This was black, and of great elegance and comfort. It had a long life, and enjoyed much favour. So did Queen Alexandra's white Siddeley landaulette, ordered in the year following. This car was perhaps better known than any other of its time. Its speckless appearance, its fitness for the elegant and gracious lady who rode in it, its air of gaiety and assurance, all betoken its period.

It is all over, and they are gone, these cars, gone to limbo and museums, except for odd survivors. Even now there is sometimes to be seen in the West End a Rolls Royce of 1910 vintage, rebuilt, but as good and as majestic as ever, discreetly curbed outside a club or place of business. It will never wear out, but it is extravagant and archaic, like the coat of arms which graces its tall doors, and its silver fittings.

The further the early history of the motor glides into distance, the more certainly will curiosity grow about it, and it is perhaps wise to recall that internal combustion travel was long frowned upon by the majority. They had no opportunity to enjoy it until, shortly before the 1914-1918 war, cars at last began to roll in numbers from the factories, their price far less than is to-day easily credible. Once the pleasures of the new innovation became familiar to the average citizen, appetite grew by what it fed on. Had Edward lived a little longer, he might well have turned to aviation—so young was he in spirit—in quest of something new. The ardour of the pioneer must needs wilt when prospectors arrive in quantity.

THE INLAND SEA

BY HOWARD SERGEANT

HERE and near as the hands of the sea
Where the sea holds the land
Till the climbing dark and all time are dying,
Where the walls are down, and the sand
Is a building-ground for the flair
Of a poet or lover, or the boy highflying,
And the dunes of the heart are free,
Is the country we know. Wholly days and night
Are trapped in the sea's green hair
And this half-darkness here is half our light.

Fair and far from the prayers of the kind
And their wiles who'd have you sleep
Safe and sound in the boisterous shires of land
And surf, is the country we keep
Reclaimed in the bay of the mind,
Where the smooth white gulls rise over the sand
And the nodding heads of the blind.
Walk firmly that shore, whatever the wise ones
Devise for your footsteps, and find
In yourself the unknown, the only horizons.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

BY C. HENRY WARREN

THE life story of Richard Jefferies, the centenary of whose birth we commemorate this month, is soon told. The son of a small Wiltshire farmer, he was born in 1848 at Coate, a hamlet not far from Swindon. The pen, however, and not the plough, was his concern from youth onwards. Work to the average villager is only recognizable as such when it is physical, and so his Coate neighbours called him a "lazy lout". His long, lean, quick-striding figure was often to be seen wandering over the countryside when of course he should have been helping on the farm; and how were the villagers to guess the importance of his errand?

In an old attic at the top of the farmhouse he wrote novels, which, whatever use they may have been in helping him to discover himself, were of no use to anybody else. Mostly they were refused by the publishers; or, if they were accepted, they were refused by the public. And rightly so; for they attempted to describe a class of society (high life, as it is called) with which Jefferies had not the slightest acquaintance. "Her eyes flashed, and her bosom heaved, as she hissed out her words." Nevertheless, these early novels were the means by which he began to gain the difficult mastery over the written word. Perhaps his most valuable apprenticeship as an author, however, came when he joined the staff of a local newspaper for which he acted in turn as reporter, writer and sub-editor. If provincial journalism is a hard school for the writer, it is also one of the best. The yoke galled him, but there is no doubt Jefferies benefited by the discipline thus imposed. He learned, if nothing more, to be exact in his matter and easy and flexible in his manner.

Like Keats, he was an example of the dedicated writer. Yet for all his untiring endeavour, recognition obstinately eluded him; and in the end it was won only by a seeming accident. The position of agriculture in the 'sixties and 'seventies was, to say the best, precarious. Depression in industry, consequent upon the Franco-German war, had affected agriculture no less, and the farmers were further hindered by a succession of cold springs and wet summers that played havoc with the crops. The status of the agricultural labourer was a familiar topic in the newspapers; and in 1872 Jefferies sent a letter on this subject (it was really an article) to *The Times*. To his surprise the letter was printed and even aroused some controversy. He followed it up with two others, as individual, pertinent,

and lucidly informed. With these he won his first recognition. This time he was writing on a theme he understood perfectly ; and so various editors, on the look-out for new writers with something topical to say and a fresh way of saying it, began to approach him for articles. A married man now, he moved to London, the better to avail himself of his opportunities, and he never returned to Coate.

His immediate subject, therefore, was agriculture and the agricultural worker. He gave as yet no sign that he was destined to become the nature-writer whom thousands of readers were increasingly to enjoy. Not until 1876 do we find him writing to a certain editor that he had in mind a different sort of articles, or perhaps a book, based largely upon his exact and absorbing memories of nature as he had experienced it in those early years at home. " I should not (he says) attempt a laborious, learned description, but rather choose a chatty style. I would endeavour to bring in some of the glamour—the magic of sunshine, and green things, and calm waters—if I could." The result of this new-found intention was *The Gamekeeper at Home*, which was published in 1878, and which was the first, and still is perhaps one of the best, of that shelf of country books not one of which could easily be spared. He had only nine more years to live—years during which he was continually tormented by illness and lack of money and enforced exile from the countryside he really loved ; and yet, so immense was his industry and so inexhaustible his theme, in that brief time he contrived to write and publish fifteen more books, not to mention innumerable essays and articles not all of which have been rescued (it is not necessary that they should be) from the files of the newspapers and magazines to which they were contributed. He died in 1887 and was buried in Broadwater Cemetery, Worthing.

How should one describe Richard Jefferies ? His own description of himself was " a student of nature and human life." The duality is worth emphasizing. He is so often spoken of as if he were a charming delineator of the wild life of the English countryside—a prose-poet of nature. In fact he was of too large a stature not to realize that in the end the proper study of mankind is man. He never could have been content merely to extol the sensuous beauties of nature. Indeed, it may well be that the time will come when his studies of men and women, especially of the rural labouring class, will be, if not actually preferred to, at least equally valued with, his studies of bird, beast and flower.

In an introduction, written late in life, to White's *Selborne*, he regretted that " the great observer " had not set down his observations on the people of his day as he did of the birds and animals. " Walking about among the cottagers, he saw and heard all their curious ways, and must have been familiar with their superstitions. . . . He knew the farmers and the squires ; he had access everywhere, and he had the quickest of eyes. It must ever be regretted that he did not leave a natural history of the people of his day. We should then have had a picture of England just

before the beginning of the present era, and a wonderful difference it would have shown." Almost the same words might be written of Jefferies himself. Almost—because part at least of his writings consists of material towards just such a "picture of England before the beginning of the present era" as he regretted in White. He too knew the squires, farmers and cottagers of his day. He too had access everywhere. And he too had the quickest of eyes. That he did not leave us a more detailed picture of the country people of his time is unfortunate; but what he did leave, in such books as *Hodge and His Masters* and *Toilers of the Field*, in such later novels as *Amaryllis at the Fair* and *The Dewy Morn*, and in such essays as "One of the New Voters" and "Rural Dynamite", is incomparable, alike for its tender, revealing detail and unflinching assessment, and must be as valuable to the student of tomorrow as it is enjoyable to the common reader of all time.

Why he should have turned from essays on agriculture and the agricultural class to (in the main) essays on the wild life of the southern English countryside there is not sufficient evidence to decide. Perhaps his continued exile from the deep country had something to do with it? Perhaps his editors and publishers, anxious to satisfy a public that was growing more and more interested in the whys and wherefores of nature, were not without their influence? At any rate, the wild life of the southern counties was henceforth to be his chief theme. And yet, strictly speaking, Jefferies was not a naturalist, if by that term is meant one who adds to the existing sum of known facts concerning nature. Certainly he was a close and accurate observer, and everything he wrote was the result of immediate and first-hand observation. But his observations were scarcely new, even in his own day; and nobody now would dream of consulting his books as if they were the text-books of established naturalists. The accumulation of facts (though he was accurate enough in these) was never the aim of his studies. Rather, he was concerned with the pleasure each fact occasioned in him for its significance in relation to the whole. He identified himself with nature. "What concerned him first and foremost," as Sir William Beach Thomas has said, "was the effect of external nature on himself—the ecstasy, not the observed fact."

If Jefferies was not a naturalist, he was certainly a poet, a man of feeling. The paradoxical thing about him was the way in which he combined in his make-up the scientist and the seer, the recorder of facts and the inspired interpreter thereof. Sometimes the one predominates, sometimes the other. He could write a long essay like "The Meadow Gateway" (from the recently published collection, *Chronicles of the Hedges*, in which he accumulates, one by one, his observations on the bird-life frequenting this single opening into a field, until the reader becomes identified with the watcher and shares the pleasure that comes from the quantity and veracity of the facts recorded. Or, at the other end of the scale, he could write a whole book like *The Story of My Heart*, in which not the observed facts

of nature but the mystical interpretation of those facts is all that matters. Fortunately, the majority of his nature writings lies mid-way between these two extremes, as, for example, in "The Pageant of Summer" (from *The Life of the Fields*) where the facts are selected, as a painter selects his colours, and composed into a picture the effect of which is to communicate to the reader something of the sensation felt by the author in the contemplation of nature "between the may and the June roses." I say "fortunately" because Jefferies' mystical utterances are far from being to everybody's taste—even to the taste of all his admirers; but when he contents himself with setting forth his observations, detail by detail, until he has built up a complete picture of the experience involved, there is no division of opinion. As a transcriber of nature (complete with all those overtones of emotion which the facts engendered in him and which his pen so subtly caught) he has no equal.

The exceptional quality of his adult experience of nature was due, no doubt, to his manner of life in those early, formative years—the years, in fact, of the "lazy lout". In one of his letters to Reynolds, Keats wrote: "Let us not therefore go hurrying about and collecting honey, bee-like, buzzing here and there impatiently from a knowledge of what is to be gained at, but let us open our leaves like a flower to be passive and receptive. Elsewhere Keats describes this mood as one of "diligent indolence". It would be difficult to find a label more apt for Jefferies' state in those early years. When he went out on to the downs, with only his thoughts for company, or when he wandered through the neighbouring woods, with his gamekeeper friend from Burderop, or when, with dog and gun, he crouched under the hedges round his father's fields, he was, in one way or another, practising just this mood of diligent indolence which Keats extolled. Blake, who saw heaven in a wild flower, said somewhere that he could look at a knot in a piece of wood until he was frightened; and though it was in a lesser degree, there was a corresponding intensity of Jefferies' every experience of nature at that time. So indelibly were those experiences recorded in his mind that in after years, when he was far away from the scene of them, he could still recall them with an immediacy and veracity that had in no way dimmed. His last book, for instance, *Amaryllis at the Fair*, written some ten years after he had left home and when he was so ill that he could not hold a pen and had to dictate every word to his wife, contains as vivid and compelling a picture of Coate Farm and the life there as any he wrote; and it is unlikely that with this book he had exhausted the store of circumstantial memories harvested in those days of diligent indolence. "I planted myself everywhere—in all the fields and under all the trees," he said in *Field and Hedgerow*; and it was his identification of himself with nature that made his descriptions at once so vivid and so personal.

But a word should be said about that other Jefferies, "the student of human life." This is the aspect of him which has hitherto been most

neglected. Indeed, there could hardly be a better way of celebrating the present centenary than by drawing attention to the daring realism with which he portrayed those "toilers of the fields" among whom he had been brought up in the 'sixties and 'seventies. It cannot be emphasized too much that Jefferies, notwithstanding his indulgence of a quasi-mysticism or his deserved (or otherwise) description as prose-poet of nature, was essentially a realist. "The wheat is beautiful, but human life is labour"—perhaps that provides as good a clue as any to his attitude to the rural labourer. The wheat is beautiful, but the life that depends upon it is often ugly and sordid. "Backbiting is the curse of village life". . . . "Those who know them (the cottagers) best, say you should never believe anything they tell you". . . . "They do not understand a gentle intimation, they express their displeasure in the rudest manner. The women make remarks to each other, their children look over the wall with stolid stare." . . . "They seem to be afraid of obliging people, as if to do so, even to their own advantage, would be against their personal honour and dignity." And so forth. With the truth of what Jefferies has to say about the cottager of his day the sentimentalist of course will not agree; but those who have to live with them, year in and year out, know that even to-day these charges are well-founded. Nevertheless, Jefferies was mindful to add that "the best of us are polished cottagers." As for remedy, all he could suggest (since education alone seemed hardly sufficient) was the need for some "humanizing tendency". What form this should take he did not say—probably he did not know. But then, do we know to-day?

Paradoxically, the most humanizing tendency so far has come about by means of the increased mechanization of farm labour, which, by reducing the drudgery, takes away something from the curse of Cain. And it is certain that, had Jefferies lived to see agriculture mechanized as we see it now, he would have been much in favour of it. Even in his time he extolled the steam plough and the silo and the reaping-machine. Mid-day meals for school-children was one of his many progressive suggestions. "My hope," he said in the introduction to *Round About a Great Estate*, "is with the light of the future." And again: "I cannot regret the medieval days. I do not wish them back again. I would sooner fight in the foremost ranks of time." He liked to see improved breeds of cattle and horses, new and better farm houses and less insanitary cottages. He thought painters were to blame for not accepting these improved conditions and for not integrating them in their pictures—it was, he said, as if they left out fifty years. Not for him was the cult of the picturesque. "Idealize to the full, but idealize the real, else the picture is a sham." His admirers include far too many sentimentalists (for which, it must be admitted, he himself is not without blame and not until the realist in him, as a student of nature and of human life, has received its due shall we be able to say we are enjoying the best which this best of all country writers has to give.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

NATIONALIST SOUTH AFRICA

BY ERIC A. WALKER

IN May 1910 the four British self-governing colonies of the Cape, Natal, Orange Free State and Transvaal formed a legislative union; to-day, the Europeans who number one-fifth of the total population, virtually monopolize political power. The 800,000 non-tribal Cape coloured folk in the Cape Province can still obtain the parliamentary franchise; the 300,000 non-tribal Indians, mainly in Natal, cannot. The 7,700,000 Bantu (the so-called Kaffirs), who form seventy per cent. of the Union's population, have virtually no full political rights. Since 1910, non-Europeans have been debarred from sitting in Parliament; since 1931 all European adults have been given the vote; since 1936, non-European males other than Bantu in the Cape Province alone, can still gain the vote on the reasonable qualification which, for eighty-three years previously, had been required of men of all races on equal terms in that Province. A dwindling number of Bantu, again in the Cape alone, still retain the votes they had acquired before the destruction of the old Cape civilization tests in 1936.

Then, most of the Nationalists are Afrikaners, that is, Afrikaans-speaking Europeans; but by no means all Afrikaners are Nationalists. Secondly, the Afrikaners form about sixty per cent. of the white minority, and would therefore, seem to have little real cause for the belief, which so many of them cherish, that they are an "oppressed" people whose religion, language and way of life are in danger of being swamped by the English-speaking forty per cent. of that minority. Thirdly, Afrikaners take party politics very seriously; excellent organization goes far to explain the 1948 electoral victory. Next, Afrikaners tend to be illiberal on non-European matters; but not, as a rule,

more so than the mass of still largely English-speaking "Labour" nor the ostentatiously "British" of Grahams-town, Durban, and the more affluent quarters of Johannesburg. Finally, though the Union is the strongest purely African power in the Continent, it is not, for all its invaluable harbours and gold mines, yet the centre of the world. Nor does the Nationalist victory portend the immediate end of that world. Already, ministerial performance bids fair to be much less drastic and unenlightened than hustings promises.

When the excellent book of Professor Roberts and Mr. Trollip* was first published some months ago, the South African Nationalist Opposition was the Opposition. As a result of its narrow victory in the general election of July 1948, it has become H.M. Government in the Union of South Africa. This fact gives the work of the authors an added importance, for it records the thoughts, aims and actions of the leading Nationalist-minded Afrikaner politicians during the war years 1939-1945.

It is to the credit of the authors that the story is told so clearly and objectively. But why oh! why, have they not given us an index? And was it necessary to give so many Afrikaans quotations even though these have been accompanied by English translations in an appendix? Leaving these points aside, it should be noted that their story could have been made to cover nearly three centuries, from the first beginnings at Cape Town in 1652, of the effective European occupation of Southern Africa. Cape Town itself was a mere frontier post thousands of miles from the nearest sizable area of European habitation. Thereafter, the history of the Cape Colony speedily became frontier history in every sense with the steady dispersion far inland of

**The South African Opposition, 1939-1945*, by Michael Roberts and A. E. G. Trollip. Longmans. 15s.

her sheep and cattle-farmers. The climax came a century or so ago, when thousands of Afrikaner frontier pastoralists went out on the Great Trek, running away from growing governmental control and the increasing enforcement of legal equality for folk of all races within the old Colony. Convinced that white folk were "Christians" and dark-skinned peoples were "Children of Ham," they, the least liberal-minded of all South African Europeans, set up republics and inflicted on all who were not of their community the exclusive seventeenth and eighteenth century practices that were fast fading away in the parent Cape Colony. *Apartheid*, call it separation, segregation, or what you will, was already a very old idea in the Union before ever it was called upon to win the election of 1948.

Roughly speaking the two Boer Republics openly, and "British" Natal in a much less frank manner, followed the exclusive line towards "outsiders". The Cape Colony, on the other hand, in spite of spasmodic efforts by some of the markedly "British" eastern electors to impose racial inequality, followed the liberal line in the main, and with such success that at the time of Union South African and British Liberals could hope that its civilization policy would convert the rest of the country. These hopes have been disappointed; the results of Union have been all the other way. During the nineteen-twenties South Africa became a sovereign Dominion, uncontrollable by the United Kingdom or anyone else by any means short of war or expulsion from the Commonwealth. During the 'thirties, the tendency was to restrict the political and other freedoms of non-Europeans, especially of the vast Bantu majority. And all the time there was a growing body of Afrikaner opinion that openly desired and even worked for the establishment of a republic.

A good case can be made for republicanism, especially by those many Afrikaners who were born republicans and had to fight for their independence

in vain during the South African War of 1899-1902. But this movement has gone deeper and wider than that. Republican, anti-Commonwealth, anti-British and above all anti-Native feelings have been worked up systematically for years past among the Afrikaners, especially during and since the Great Trek Centenary Celebrations of 1938. Hard on the heels of this exhibition of *apartheid* came the Axis war, on whose rights and wrongs White South African opinion was bitterly divided. It is the angry feelings engendered there that have found expression in the election.

The authors deal skilfully with the war-time waltz of the Afrikaner Nationalist politicians. They also bring out clearly the political acumen of Dr. Malan. Throughout he was determined that his Nationalists should be the one and only party to represent and speak for Nationalist-minded Afrikaners in Parliament. He has had his way, almost. But not quite. His Nationalists represent only a considerable minority of the Union's electors, and, by themselves, are a minority in the House of Assembly. The small ministerial majority in this vital Lower House is only assured by Dr. Malan's working agreement with N. C. Havenga and his handful of personal followers. This Free Stater not only holds the voting balance, but, as Finance Minister, has a powerful voice in the framing of policy. He is less liberal than even Dr. Malan on non-European issues, but he is by no means so keen on a republic. Hence, probably, one of the reasons why Dr. Malan damped down the republican cry during the elections. For the rest, the new Ministry proposes no very drastic legislation against non-Europeans for the present, and, after having truculently warned off in advance the "compulsion" which no one in his senses contemplates, proposes to co-operate with western democracies against Communist and "Asia" (that is, Indians) and even offered to take such part as was convenient to it in the London Conference of Prime Ministers.

TACITUS ON BRITAIN AND GERMANY, translated by H. Mattingly. *Penguin Books*. 1s. 6d.

SAINTS AGAINST CAESAR, by Hugh J. Schonfield. *Macdonald*. 12s. 6d.

GIBBON, by G. M. Young. *Rupert Hart-Davis*. 6s.

These three books are connected by a single theme: the unity of history. If history is a unity two other things follow. It will be capable of supplying a commentary on the events of other times, however remote. Secondly, it may be made the vehicle of an interpretation so wide as to embrace not merely the story of men and nations but the entire cosmic order.

Two of these writers consciously wrote history with topical allusions. The third, a modern Jewish scholar, brings the apocalyptic literature of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, with much that is not in either canon, into a view of the world of to-day, not without some hints of prophetic exposition on his own part.

There is stimulus in such a confrontation. What relation does the irony of Tacitus bear to that of Gibbon? Has the contemptuous reference of Tacitus to "the set of men whom the common people called Christians" any bearing on the writings in which the excesses of contemporary Rome were condemned and concealed in apocalyptic cryptograms?

The new Penguin Tacitus should meet with a wide public. It is exciting to think of the pleasure the *Agricola* and *Germania* can give to new readers. Old readers must also be recalled by the inherent interest of the matter, its topical quality, handy form, good print, and by a new translation. "Liberty" has acquired a new and personal meaning for a tortured generation. Tacitus wrote of it with a conqueror's magnanimity but an artist's understanding. No cry for freedom ever rang more gallantly than in the speech he attributed or invented for the Scottish leader whom he called Calgacus. "We, the last men on

earth, the last of the free. . . . Beyond us lies no nation, nothing but waves and rocks and the Romans . . ." These spirited phrases are from Mr. Mattingly's translation. No English translator has bettered them. Yet in the same passage the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* becomes: "We have enjoyed the impressiveness of the unknown."

The *Germania* has no scene so stirring but is not less readable. The Germans of history sat for a portrait still recognizable. Irony tinges the colours. The brush marks are more delicate than Gibbon's. Here is a Mattingly example:

Ocean forbade further research into its own secrets or those of Hercules. Since then no one has tried to explore. It has been judged more pious and reverent to believe in what the gods have done than to investigate it.

The *Saints against Caesar* are the Christians of Rome in the first century A.D. Mr. Schonfield's title is below the quality of his learning. In fact he presents a comprehensive study of Hebrew and early Christian literature and history in their association and origins. His standpoint is that of "an independent Jewish historian of the Nazarene persuasion." This enables him to approach his subject with a freedom denied to many Christian writers. The second half of the book is an analysis and new translation of the *Revelation* of the New Testament, collated with other apocalyptic and eschatological writings. These formidable polysyllables need not repel the general reader. The writer's standpoint is historical rather than theological. Where was the "upper room" of the Gospel story? Where was the house in Jerusalem from which Christianity began first to be spread abroad? What can history tell in continuation of the narrative which the *Acts of the Apostles* brings to a sudden end? These problems no longer concern theology alone. History gains from the approach which Dean Farrar indicated as long ago as 1882. It is not to be seen "through the ecclesiastical veil of unnatural and fantastic hypotheses."

Mr. G. M. Young's *Gibbon* is a second

edition, with a bracing new introduction, of a work written in 1932. He says he has corrected one major and some minor mistakes. The whole comes fresh and sparkling from the press. Examples of Gibbon's "blend of formality and innuendo" include this (about Justinian). In his creed

the guilt of murder could not be applied to the slaughter of unbelievers; and he piously laboured to establish with fire and sword the unity of the Christian faith. With these sentiments it was incumbent on him, at least, to be always in the right.

W. THOMSON HILL.

HOW CAME OUR FAITH ?, by
W. A. L. Elmslie, *Cambridge University Press*. 21s.

This book is timely. The average Christian and Bible reader has in our day found himself halting rather confusedly between two opinions. On the one hand he has been taught that the New Testament is a fulfilling of the Old and has wondered whether, that being so, the New does not completely supersede the Old; he has found for himself the Old includes many spiritually unworthy passages, many unedifying incidents and some downright barbarisms; and he has lived in a general climate of opinion which maintains that what the world really needs is a "new spirit" and a more effective expression of something called the Christian—that is New Testament—"ethic".

On the other hand he has in the last decade or two felt himself to be living in times so momentous, decisive and, indeed, apocalyptic as to have no parallel outside the Old Testament, which therefore seems to have come to life in a most remarkable manner. If this be so, then the Old Testament is indeed relevant to a faith for our day.

Dr. Elmslie asserts this firmly. He shows how our faith is grounded in Old Testament times, which revealed God as the ultimate reality of truth, power and righteousness just as surely as the New Testament shows Him to be ultimate love. The Old Testament is not (as for too long) to be regarded and read as either an "inspired" writing in which

each and every verse has to be taken as infallible wisdom, or as a protracted allegory in which any and every incident, detail and accident has somehow got to be twisted into a so-called "prophetic" foretelling of the coming of Christ. It is prophetic right enough, but in the true sense; it records facts, shown as the active work of God in the world, and prophecy as its interpretation to men. Through the Jewish leaders, judges and kings, God showed His character and purpose at work in the sweep of historical events, and through the prophets these were interpreted, not only for their own people and contemporaries but for all men at all times. The Old Testament deals with facts and realities derived from God Who is ultimate reality; this, so far from being cancelled by the New Testament is the only foundation upon which its own characteristic teaching and "ethic" can be given effective meaning.

Dr. Elmslie works this out in detail for 400 pages; his writing is as direct as his purpose; clear, very readable, of sustained interest and not without lighter touches. A book to be recommended.

JOHN HALET.

FRANZ KAFKA: An Appreciation of his Works, by Herbert Tauber. *Secker and Warburg*. 18s.

THE DIARIES OF FRANZ KAFKA: Volume One 1910-1913. Edited by Max Brod. *Secker and Warburg*. 16s.

Man has, in truth, only one problem to face: that of his dual nature, halfway between an angel and a beast, half in heaven and half on earth, half in eternity and half in time. There are times when that problem is almost forgotten. This may be because the beast is reconciled with the angel, and the earth becomes a colony of heaven, and time becomes part of eternity. But it is more likely to be forgotten because man becomes unaware of the angel and feels himself to be entirely one with the beast. When this happens it is necessary to state once again the problem of the dual nature of man, and, in our own age, no one has

one so with greater insight and imagination than Franz Kafka. The problem can be stated in various ways. Reinhold Niebuhr, in *The Nature and Destiny of Man*, says :

Man is, and yet is not, involved in the flux of nature and time. He is a creature, subject to nature's necessities and limitations ; but he is also a free spirit who knows of the brevity of his years and by this knowledge transcends the temporal by some capacity within himself.

That statement, though quite realistic, is also fairly optimistic, and so, too, is the Christian doctrine of original sin, for it resumes the doctrine of divine grace. Herbert Tauber, in his study of Kafka's work, shows how very close was his attitude to that of this doctrine in its all protestant form—or rather to one side of it, for with Kafka there was no corresponding belief in grace. It is not true, of course, that he completely repudiated the possibility of grace (*The Castle* is full of hints and gleams of that possibility), but nevertheless, there was

in his conception of reality such a rift between the eternal and the temporal, and between the divine will and everyday life, as to result in something very near to moral and spiritual nihilism. He was able, in fact, to conceive of grace but not of the means of grace. Occasionally, I think, this renders his symbols invalid, as in the case of the relations between the women and the officials of the castle. It is valid, I think, to claim that the operating of grace may be quite unintelligible to human reason, but not that it would appear disgusting to that spark of moral judgment which surely must have been put there by grace, provided that we accept the concept of grace at all. For Kafka there was apparently no cohesion between the divine will and the world of men, and for this reason he was bound to find difficulty in expressing the divine in symbols which he had to take from the world because there was nowhere else from which to take them.

Herr Tauber considers this problem

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as it appears in Kafka's work and, to a lesser extent, in his life. The analysis is very thorough, and scarcely an incident or character is passed over. There are many illuminating comments, and much that will clarify the more puzzling passages. Yet, while I do not want to question the rightness or the value of Herr Tauber's conclusions, in the end I found myself asking if this persistent picking of the locks of allegory was the right way to enter into Kafka's secret room. Surely much more is conveyed by the symbols themselves, by their great imaginative depth, than by any explanation of them. Some of the mystery has been lost, and, with the mystery, some of the truth.

The remedy, of course, is to read Kafka again. One waits eagerly for the new collection, to be called *In the Penal Settlement*, which is due next year. (Indeed, this book is necessary for the full understanding of Herr Tauber's study which, beside the better-known works, deals with a number of pieces which are not easily available—if available at all—to the English reader.) In the meantime, here is the first volume of the diaries, which contains aphorisms, parables, the beginnings and sketches of stories, as well as many glimpses of Kafka's personal life. It will certainly be invaluable for the study of the rest of his work.

NORMAN NICHOLSON.

THE TRIPLE CHALLENGE, by Francis Williams. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

The author has recently ceased to be Adviser on Public Relations to the Prime Minister and was for some time editor of the *Daily Herald*. He is therefore able to write this account of "The Future of Socialist Britain" with a quite exceptional understanding both of the working of the present Government and of the labour movement from which it has sprung.

Mr. Williams is too good a journalist not to appreciate that politics gets its life and colour from its personalities and his book makes an immediate appeal for

its candid and therefore convincing studies of some of the Government's leading members. The Prime Minister: "His personality is so disciplined and controlled, so modest in external matters, so little self-seeking, that the hard core of steely self-confidence, the streak of ruthlessness that forms a part of it, as it must indeed of every successful politician, is apt to be overlooked." Mr. Bevin: "He is ruthless, sometimes brutal, vain, often vindictive, but he has a greatness of spirit that transcends all these defects. He is sublimely and completely himself." Sir Stafford Cripps: "He is governed by passion—a controlled passion of the spirit, but nevertheless a true passion. He more perhaps than any other in British public life to-day is a dedicated man. To an almost frightening degree he feels himself to be such." Mr. Morrison: "He has a quick mind and an enviable facility for picking up the threads of a discussion as he goes along, but he sometimes, when he is busy, uses them as a substitute for serious thought." Mr. Dalton: "He has an impish delight in political intrigue but he is not very good at it: principle will keep breaking through." Mr. Bevan: "He finds it, I think, both personally pleasant and politically useful to persuade his friends, and perhaps even himself, that he still has a hand-grenade behind the door, but what he really has there in these days is an electric refrigerator and a new type of mass-produced bath." And finally: "I look forward with confidence to the day when a posse of generals, colonels and other ranks will make a joint *démarche* demanding that, whatever other government changes there may be, Shinwell shall be left undisturbed at the War Office."

But Mr. Williams is concerned to show that this great empire is not entrusted to little minds. His thesis is a familiar one. The British people have launched into a revolution almost in a fit of absence of mind. The basis of this stirring experiment in democratic socialism is "a system of community ownership and control of the basic sources of economic power and of the common-

service industries combined with a broad planning of the rest of the national economy within a framework shaped by a very large measure of consultation between government, workers and managers and allowing a high degree of individual initiative and freedom." Moreover it is being carried out in times of extraordinary difficulty when the economic foundations of the whole world have been rocked by two devastating wars. Are we in fact sinking into decay or kindling a torch to guide the world between the wasteful anarchy of capitalism and the class dictatorship of communism?

Mr. Williams is optimistic about the adventure and makes a convincing case for the Government. On the other hand, he does not really explain why the exhilaration and excitement which the present situation arouses in himself are so little shared by the nation as a whole. His difficulty perhaps

is that he looks at planning too much from the Cabinet room. He sees clearly enough that the success of the experiment depends upon the co-operation of people who do not share the Government's philosophy. He seems much less ready to see the converse that the Government must be prepared to modify its plans to meet the criticisms of its opponents. And he seems to have a firmer grasp of the part to be played by the four Ministers in whom, as he says, great power is concentrated than of that of the worker at the bench, the housewife in the queue or, indeed, the councillor on the housing committee.

JAMES E. MACCOLL.

FIRE OF YOUTH, by Eric Muspratt.

Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

GERMAN JOURNEY, by Ethel

Mannin. *Jarrollds. 12s. 6d.*

Surely Mr. Muspratt is the reincarnation of that famous French poet of other

Life of Lord Lloyd

by COLIN FORBES ADAM

With a Foreword by

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, O.M.

Lord Lloyd was at the time of his death in 1941 a figure of international reputation, Colonial Secretary, and Government Leader in the House of Lords. He began his apprenticeship in Turkey and the Middle East, acquiring first-hand knowledge of their politics, personalities, physical features, and trade routes and requirements. He served during the first World War in the Dardanelles, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Palestine. In 1918 he was appointed Governor of Bombay, and in 1924 High Commissioner in Egypt. This book tells, as far as possible in words taken from his diaries and letters, the story of his life of adventurous travel and unremitting work, and of his devoted love and service of his country and Empire.

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days whose acquaintance with prisons was not merely from the outside. In his case incarceration came about for reasons such as stowing away on a ship and he seems to have taken it as all in the day's work. His extremely picturesque father, probably the most unclerical clergyman who ever existed, arrogantly disbelieved in schooling, so that our author was sometimes caught by the education inspectors, which resulted in his attendance at thirty-three different schools. But his real school has been the world and very many parts thereof. Among his masters was a gentle, old Australian safe-breaker, with carpet slippers and spectacles, soft-spoken and benign, with an old-womanish fussiness about all his personal belongings. He offered Mr. Muspratt a partnership. "I can guarantee, yes, sir," he said, "positively guarantee to open any safe on the market."

In Australia Mr. Muspratt fell in again with his father with whom he had tramped through various countries, not without arguments between the pair of them which did not limit themselves to mere words. By this time the father had unfrocked himself; he would have delighted the heart of the late W. J. Locke. "Prison is horribly indescribable," says Muspratt, but his book is full of the most vivid descriptions of a life that has apparently always refused to be in the least commonplace. His travels through the Balkans have to be read to be believed, and I believe every word.

More conventional was the latest journey of Mrs. Mannin, whose Irish book is fragrant in our memory. Comfort does not greatly appeal to her, if it is denied to other folk, and in Germany she has hard words for the British officials and their wives who, better off by far than the natives, are discontented with the rations and so forth. As late as last year the usual currency in Germany continued to be cigarettes. "No cobbler would even begin to discuss repairs to shoes unless he was first given two cigarettes. After that he might agree to resole them for ten." So valuable were cigarettes that they

were rarely smoked. One packet might change hands a hundred times. In a Vienna dance-hall our friend found that the expensive wine was usually bought with cigarettes, but few people waltzed, in that home of the waltz, as it was too strenuous on the low diet. One is grateful to Mrs. Mannin for her tribute to Ernst Toller and that delightful episode of the swallows whose nests the prison authorities kept on destroying, while they confiscated his manuscript. He would have approved of Mrs. Mannin whose journey may have caused many eyebrows over there to be raised, but for us it is both instructive and very entertaining.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MEREDITH, by Siegfried Sassoon.
Constable. 15s.

A veil hangs between us and the writers of the last half century before our own. It is the time most difficult to understand and when the writer is also difficult to understand, the attempt to see through the veil is retarded by our natural laziness. Meredith, a poet as clear as water, was a complicated and exacting novelist, demanding constant alertness in the reader; his high spirits, his respect for humanity, his idealism and his hopefulness are out of fashion, and Mr. Sassoon's eagerly expected book is likely to introduce an almost unread author to a good many of the younger generation.

For this purpose his method, a straightforward biography treating the works as they come in chronological order, is admirable. Meredith as a person emerges from these pages, the enthusiastic young writer newly married and enjoying the witty company of his father-in-law Thomas Love Peacock; the hardworking middle-aged author and publisher's reader; and especially, the older Meredith, within the living memory of many, whose recollections Mr. Sassoon has drawn on for his moving portrait of the noble, still vigorous old man of Flint Cottage, whose talk, even when he was deaf and partly paralysed, soared like a fountain. To some of

those who came to see him, what Stevenson called "his veracity and high intellectual humbug" were disconcerting. Mr. Sassoon's pen is nowhere more lively than on his gently malicious account of the visit of "Michael Field", those two pernicky and self absorbed ladies who saw, and failed to see, so much about the great man. Other visitors, less concerned with his recognition of their own importance, were more able to apprehend the "oxygen of aliveness" which Mr. Sassoon so rightly says was part of the essence of Meredith.

This book is on the whole more successful as a biography than as a critical study of the writer's work. Mr. Sassoon's comments on both the poetry and the prose of Meredith are, of course, sensitive and intelligent, and cannot fail to be worth reading but there seems to be some lack of fusion, perhaps because we are asked to consider Meredith almost in a vacuum, and not as part of the stream of thought and letters in his time. His life emerges more clearly from this book than the sum of what he lived to say. To say this is to complain that a good book is not even better, Mr. Sassoon's sympathetic study is likely to do what any author of a biography would wish, to send new and old readers to take the poetry and prose of Meredith off their shelves.

LETTICE COOPER.

LEAN FORWARD, SPRING! by Phoebe Hesketh. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 7s. 6d.

THE AGE OF ANXIETY, by W. H. Auden. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

BEYOND THE TRUMPET, by John Wright. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 5s.

Some of the best poetry written in this country to-day is the nature poetry of Andrew Young, Stanley Snaith, Dylan Thomas, to say nothing of the slightly older school of Sackville-West, Edmund Blunden, Frank Kendon and Richard Church.

Well, *Lean Forward, Spring!*, - a first collection of poems by Phoebe Hesketh, strikes me as one other example of good nature poetry indeed. The book con-

tains also much thoughtful, impassioned love poetry, lucid and poignant; but I think Mrs. Hesketh's gift is at its best in the many objective, impersonal, descriptive pieces that are well constructed and allow her to reveal an acute observation and original choice of epithet which startle the reader into appreciation. For simile and epithet—to quote at random—"a sky clear-rinsed with rain, blue as a baby's eye"; of the lark: "Blue-circled mite of melody upon momentous wing"; "brooch-like bees . . . pinned to the hearts of ragged daisies"; and "camp-fire coloured rowan berries" must suffice. She is excellent on birds, as in her poem, "Throstle":

Throstle,
Mast-high aloft a poplar tree!
O freckled one
All brindled brown on olive-dusted down.
I hear your music float
Upward like bubbles from your pulsing
throat.

And in "Kingfisher" she fuses love

~~~~~  
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and nature :

When suddenly a kingfisher
Sparkles up the stream electrically,
Beading my thread of thought, flashing the dead
Flex of the heart with myriad
Blue messages.

If the love poems have all the impress
of integrity, perhaps they lack the final
magic of phrase, as in "Lament." I
liked "Marguerita's Love Song."

Then for "lucid utterance, and avoidance
of pretentious modernist devices,"
as Siegfried Sasson puts it, there is this :

And in the pool an antelope
Kisses his darkly mirrored lips
With mole-soft muzzle as he sips
The cool and moon-washed water.

Mr. Auden's new poem, *The Age Of
'Anxiety'*, rather stupidly described as
'a baroque eclogue,' is baroque only
in the verbal, whimsical over-elaboration
of a typical, disillusioned, simple and
boring fable. Three men and a woman
meet in a New York bar during the war,
and discuss civilization's impasse and
express their personal visions. They
go to the woman's flat where the young
man, who has fallen in love with the
woman and wants to spend the night
with her, finds that he has drunk too
much and falls to sleep on the bed. She
is both disappointed and relieved.

The poem has all Mr. Auden's
mechanical mastery of technique, and
we are a great deal bludgeoned into
insensitiveness by an excess of Anglo-
Saxon alliteration. But was it worth
writing? The tone throughout seems
rather cheaply callous, and the text
has a tiresome, infantile smartness (less
adult even than Tennyson!) which
gives the impression of an uneasy Auden
estranged from normal human feelings.
During the war no doubt Mr. Auden had
time to ponder "weak faith in confusion."
Here he writes of modern man's loss
of God :

The didactic digit and dreaded voice
Which imposed peace on the pullulating
Primordial mess. Mourn for him now,
Our lost dad,
Our colossal father.

Elsewhere he writes :

I'm running down.
Wafna. Wafna. Who's to wind me now

In this lost land ?

Can it be that Mr. Auden is running
down ?

With Mr. John Wright's *Beyond The
Trumpet* we are back to faith and a
youthful simplicity of heart. Mr.
Wright has a pure, small lyric gift :

Death comes but to banish
Life's doubts and life's pains ;
The instruments vanish
The music remains.

I liked "Easter Sunday" and "Chelsea
Hospital." But many of the poems
are a little obvious.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

THE RAILWAYS OF BRITAIN : PAST AND PRESENT, by O. S. Nock. *Batsford*. 15s.

If a poet, as Stevenson says, has died
in most of us, surely in most of the boys
of my generation there had died an
engine-driver. But the charm of the
railways appears to-day to cause a boy
to write down long lists of the numbers
on engines. Why he does this is a
mystery, but many another mystery is
explained in Mr. Nock's extremely
interesting, in fact indispensable book.
He tells us of the sanguine lawyers who,
when the old Lancaster and Carlisle was
taken over by the L. and N.W.R. in
1859 on a 999-year lease it was specified
that the L. and C. locomotives and other
movable property should be restored at
the end of the lease.

In the early days of railways in Britain
the Queen was charmed with her first
journey; she had braved her timid
advisers and the newspaper which spoke
of the disaster entailed by a long regency.
Lady Holland, on the other hand, would
only travel from Paddington to Chippen-
ham if Brunel, the engineer, were beside
her and she could hold his hand all the
way. Walter Scott used to take off
his hat as he drove through Stamford,
for he considered that the most beautiful
sight between London and Edinburgh ;
he might have approved of the local
magnate owing to whom the town is
connected to the main line by a very
inconvenient mile or two of railway.

H.B.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

From America, France, China and England come four stories, converging here as though their sole mission were to point the theme of a thoughtful little book about the novelist and his craft.

Who is to blame?

In *THE NOVEL AND OUR TIME* (*Phoenix House*, 5s.) Alex Comfort examines without bias the implications of "writing for an asocial society" and clarifies the ancient debating poser whether authors merely reflect, or are responsible for, the manifestations of their period. In this peculiar and unpleasant era, his chapter called "Violence, Sadism and Miss Blandish" should jolt those who have taken for granted some of the literary figures who are "part of the landscape." For example, to know that Dickens often repels is one thing; after reading Dr. Comfort's analysis, readers will understand why. In "Realism, Fantasy and Symbolism" he defines the bogus and indicates where the use of these media is legitimate. His unwillingness to predict the future, if any, of the novel form, makes the stimulus of his inferences all the more trustworthy. — The development of American fiction in the years between 1915 and 1925 is exhaustively studied by Maxwell Geismar in *THE LAST OF THE PROVINCIALS* (*Martin Secker & Warburg*, 16s.). He discusses H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson and F. Scott Fitzgerald, people whose work has grown out of their country's transition from independent farming and business to industrial giantism. He fits them into the pattern of America's social history and is rightly aware of the place of each in strengthening her literary achievement. While the bibliographies, acknowledgments and index testify to Mr. Geismar's intensive research, his criticism is penetrating and never spiteful, detached and kind at once, attentive not to his own voice but to the message of the books under review. This seems to come near

to answering another debating favourite: what makes a good critic?

"See what a rent..."

And now to the latest novel of another American. Thornton Wilder's *THE IDES OF MARCH* (*Longmans, Green*, 9s. 6d.) has been on the table over-long, being re-savoured before its transference to the shelf. To extenuate such unbusiness-like behaviour it is urged that the second reading of this collection of letters, whose aim, in the apt words of the author, "is a fantasia on certain events and persons in the last days of the Roman republic," verifies their original impact. The "suppositional reconstruction" of the last year of Julius Caesar's life nevertheless rings true. His own letters, those of Cleopatra, of Cicero and of Catullus, the tart-sugary exchanges between Pompeia and the despicable Clodia, all combine to visualize pagan Rome when, as the wife of Cornelius Nepos wrote, it was "standing on its head." The publisher states that this is the first novel of Mr. Wilder's for more than ten years; obviously a decade too much.

Where the heart is

The French story, through no fault of its own, has tarried too. It is *Joy* (*The Bodley Head*, 9s. 6d.) by Georges Bernanos, translated by Louise Varese, and tells the story of the gentle Chantal surrounded by grotesqueness, herself in fear of mystical visitation, meeting death at the hands of a drunken chauffeur. The author has a Catholic preoccupation with the theme of good and evil which is nightmarish, and all the more so because these "contenders for the human soul" are real. — Then to China for *THEY FLY SOUTH* by Chun-Chan Yeh (*Sylvan Press*, 9s. 6d.). It is the wild geese who go that way, and grandmother Marigold says they are the link between man and heaven. Ching Lung listens to her tales and starts off to see the world. He does not get beyond a week's journey but learns how

to live and, like many another traveller, discovers that happiness waits for him at home. A most engaging morality.—Another and not so dissimilar moral tale—in this case the wanderer goes back for happiness to his adopted India—is Rupert Croft-Cooke's *WILKIE* (*Macdonald*, 9s. 6d.). Perhaps his Londoners are too obviously Aunt Sallies; someone should assure him that of the eight millions here, quite a few have never had any black market dealings, that many have jobs, humdrum maybe, into which they yet put their utmost, that some even manage to enjoy their work and *prefer* to be honest, and that bad manners are not the general rule in bus, train or shop. Apart from this slight astigmatism the book shows a clean bill of health. As story-telling it is superb; Colonel Wilkes, the 'hero' indeed, could be met with and listened to anywhere in India now, on the strength of this portrait. And, to cite but one of the subsidiary characters, who does not know an indomitable Miss Marshall? The dialogue is effortless, which means that great effort has gone into making it so. The remarkable thing about Mr. Croft-Cooke is not so much his versatility—gypsies, Kipling and now *Wilkie* in four months—but that his hold on each interest is so firm.

Overhearing Boswell

Dialogue "smooth and logical", as Rayner Heppenstall says, characterizes *IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS* (*Martin Secker & Warburg*, 10s. 6d.). Here are the Third Programme broadcast scripts by C. V. Wedgwood, Herbert Read, Rose Macaulay, Seán O'Faoláin, V. S. Pritchett, G. W. Stonier and Michael Innes. And among the talkers are Prince Rupert and Dr. Evelyn, Aristotle and Protogenes, Milton, Newman and Kingsley, Dostoevski and Turgenev, Hamlet, Ophelia and Horatio, and Dr. Johnson. Mr. Heppenstall produced the series and now edits the book with an Introduction. Preceding each conversation are his notes, to give his readers that always exciting peep behind the scenes. Those who heard the

broadcasts will be glad of this opportunity to capture some momentous moments, and any for whom the Third Programme—for whatever reason—is trouble, toil and pain, will discover here how effective the spoken word of a Felix Aylmer or a John Laurie can still be to read.

Another world

A name not unconnected with broadcasting is Denis Constanduros' who, in *MY GRANDFATHER* (*Longmans, Green*, 6s. 6d.) recreates for his yearning readers the 1910's and the early 'twenties. Typically, his memories are rose-hued—the "Great War" barely intrudes—but only a real grandparent could potter so genially, so lovably through these pages. And the spaciousness of Kensington Gore, with the Gardens across the road and the Royal College of Music behind, was not fictitious. Over-reference to the old man's dentures jars slightly, as do the drawings of him by his grandson, and, "as pompous as a Sargent portrait" is an unaccountable slur on much gracious and lovely painting. For the rest, the book is a perfect evocation of that sunlit period when there was still time for the nuances of civilized behaviour—provided, of course, there was money enough for the luxury.

Silver spoon, wooden spoon

Another Victorian-Edwardian, who lacked grandfather's ability to grow old gracefully, is drawn relentlessly in *LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS* by William Freeman (*Herbert Joseph*, 18s.). The sub-title is: "Spoilt Child of Genius" and there's the rub, for, most unfortunately for them, nobody can really like spoilt children. This man's life—with its fierce loves and equally fierce hates (all too reminiscent as time went on of his detestable father), littered with litigation and, above all, with its frittering of superb gifts—seems to have been mostly waste. In spite of all the protests of devotion, the suspicion persists that, though the younger man, he was (perhaps involuntarily) the evil genius in the life

of Wilde. And not all the increasing zeal in religious observance could succeed in giving him the odour of sanctity. Perhaps now that Mr. Freeman has written this detailed and fully documented biography, and it is a triumph of objectivity in its treatment of so disputatious a subject, Lord Alfred Douglas should be allowed to rest in the cemetery at Crawley, forgotten—with the glorious exception of his sonnets. As the author failed to obtain permission to quote these, it is to be hoped this means that a collection of Douglas's poetry is to be published soon.—Just as impossible to like but with less reason, for this was the child spoilt by poverty and misfortune, is the poet who, driven insane by the world's neglect, killed himself at the age of eighteen. In THOMAS CHATTERTON (*Frederick Muller*. 10s. 6d.) John Cranstoun Nevill tells freshly and in careful detail the fantastic, legend-like exploits, which never fail to astonish, of the boy who wrote the Rowley forgeries and made of them intrinsic poems "rich in simple, moving imagery" and full of wild music. The late Forrest Reid claimed that Chatterton's influence started the romantic revival and thought it probable that he would have turned to dramatic poetry, an opinion with which Mr. Nevill would agree for, if Chatterton, he says,

could conceive and execute a play of the calibre of *Ælla*, between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, it would not appear unreasonable to prophesy that, given another thirty years of life, he might have restored to the theatre something of the lustre it has lost since the days of Elizabeth and James I.

The magic parsonage

Because the Brontë story is another perpetual source of astonishment and is thus in danger of being overdone at this end of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Ernest Raymond's IN THE STEPS OF THE BRONTËS (*Rich & Cowan*. 12s. 6d.) will not receive here the space it deserves. The sisters' way on this occasion is followed by numerous photographs and Mr. Raymond's treatment has entirely succeeded in accompanying their minds and hearts as well.—It is enterprise

worthy of *Penguin Books* to publish now THE PROFESSOR (1s. 6d.) for it is, as May Sinclair said, "a sort of nursery ground for all Charlotte Brontë's later novels." The celebrations of various centenaries in the family have aroused interest in Charlotte's Brussels experiences, and M. Héger (Mr. Raymond always drops the accent, which makes the name look as strange as 'Brontë' would do without its diaeresis) is here, more heavily disguised than he is in *Villette*, as William Crimsworth.

The master of paradox

The reason that governed the length of the preceding paragraph also applies to CHAUCER by G. K. Chesterton (*Faber & Faber*. 12s. 6d.). As the fly-leaf proclaims, it was first published in *mcmxxxii*; what then seemed a cascade of high spirits, a firework display of mental agility and fun-poking, caught up into a roving history of England which yet managed to interpret brilliantly the "father of English poetry", is no less so in *mcmxlvi*. May this be the fore-runner of a lot of new, but less expensive, Chesterton editions! He implied in his reader the same power to soar intellectually as he himself possessed and consequently was a most flattering author. For this reason the young, always snobs, should welcome him, and it is suggested that a start might be made on the reprinting of all the essays to and from *Tremendous Trifles*, "just to show 'em."

For the kitchen table

Chaucer could have used Wilson Midgley to help him write *The Cook's Tale*, except that COOKERY FOR MEN ONLY (*Chaterson*. 7s. 6d.) proves Mr. Midgley in no need of a collaborator. How right he is in most of his hints and recipes: never to be without a supply of cooked potatoes and always to eat their skins when baked; recognizing that pancakes are only truly married to lemon juice, that none but a strong wrist is of avail in beating sponge mixture or batter, and in stressing the virtue of raw vegetables (B.O.T.T. is

narrowly achieved each month with the aid of a supply of carrots, peeled and at hand for absent-minded chewing). His index is at the beginning, which is inspired commonsense. And, a tract for the times, his book has no "take-ten-eggs" incantations. Surely, though, he is heavy-handed with the baking powder: "4 rounded tsps." to a pound of flour; but, as he says the result "will greatly impress any lady friends," raising rock cakes to artificial heights and scarifying the colon with cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda must be excused on the ground of the male tendency to strut.

Everything Mr. Midgley writes here applies to the situation of those hordes of housewives who, either with part- or full-time work, help the production drive which five-day-week man cannot manage alone. So the title of the book is probably wise; its strain on feminine curiosity should ensure an enormous sale, and to the women treasure trove.

Away from it all

A smoking pot of Irish stew and platters of plum pudding and mince pies, with pheasants, hares, rabbits, partridges, woodcock, wild duck or snipe hanging in the larder are some of the rewards of a day's shooting, described in *LIFE IN THE COUNTRY* by Godfrey Locker Lampson (*Frederick Muller*. 18s.). It is not surprising that the chapter is called: "Extinction of the Country Squire" for it all happened fifty years ago. The author writes autobiographically of the agricultural show, the cow pasture, the country doctor, poachers, old retainers, hay-making and kindred themes and makes the whole into a great, melodious sigh for good times that are gone. The many illustrations in colour and the black and white photographs breathe the tranquillity and order of the countryside.—Governments may come and go but cultivating the land is a never-altering creative energy. This is emphasized by a little book *HUNGARIAN PEASANT LIFE* (*Hungarian Cultural Institute*, 22

Manchester Square, London, W.1), by Gyula Ortutay, the present Minister of Education. Written ten years ago it is now reprinted, with modifications and additions, in a translation of Paul Tabori because by it may be measured "the essence and value of the change that had taken place." No less a change in fact than the break-up of the feudal estates, that to outsiders seemed so romantic, into small holdings and the true romance whereby every peasant feels he has a stake in the land upon which he works. With the collaboration of Béla Bartók, Zoltán Kodály and others, the author collected and recorded thousands of those folk songs, fairy tales and folk lore games which are only some of the achievements that have sprung from "the economic, social and cultural loneliness and severe limitation of peasant existence." It is not hard to believe that the story he has to tell, combined with the section of graphic photographs by Miklós Müller, made in the original "a small masterpiece".

Going with the grain

Also a small masterpiece, of book production, is *WOODCUTS OF ALBRECHT DÜRER* by T. D. Barlow (*King Penguin*, 2s. 6d.). There are 112 reproductions of the artist's work which cover some forty pages without any effect of cramping. Whether the picture be crowded with figures as in *The Great Passion* series or shows but a *Design for a Column* the detail in each is equally clear and fine-drawn. St. Christopher's beard, as he crosses the stream with his burden, is a miracle of delicate line sketching. It is easy for the general reader to note such points; to turn back to Sir Thomas Barlow's twenty pages is to hear the voice of authority and to learn a great deal more about the skill that was needed to preserve the original design in the cutting of the block, and of the difference between modern wood engraving and that of 1471 to 1528, the dates of Dürer's birth and death.

GRACE BANYARD.